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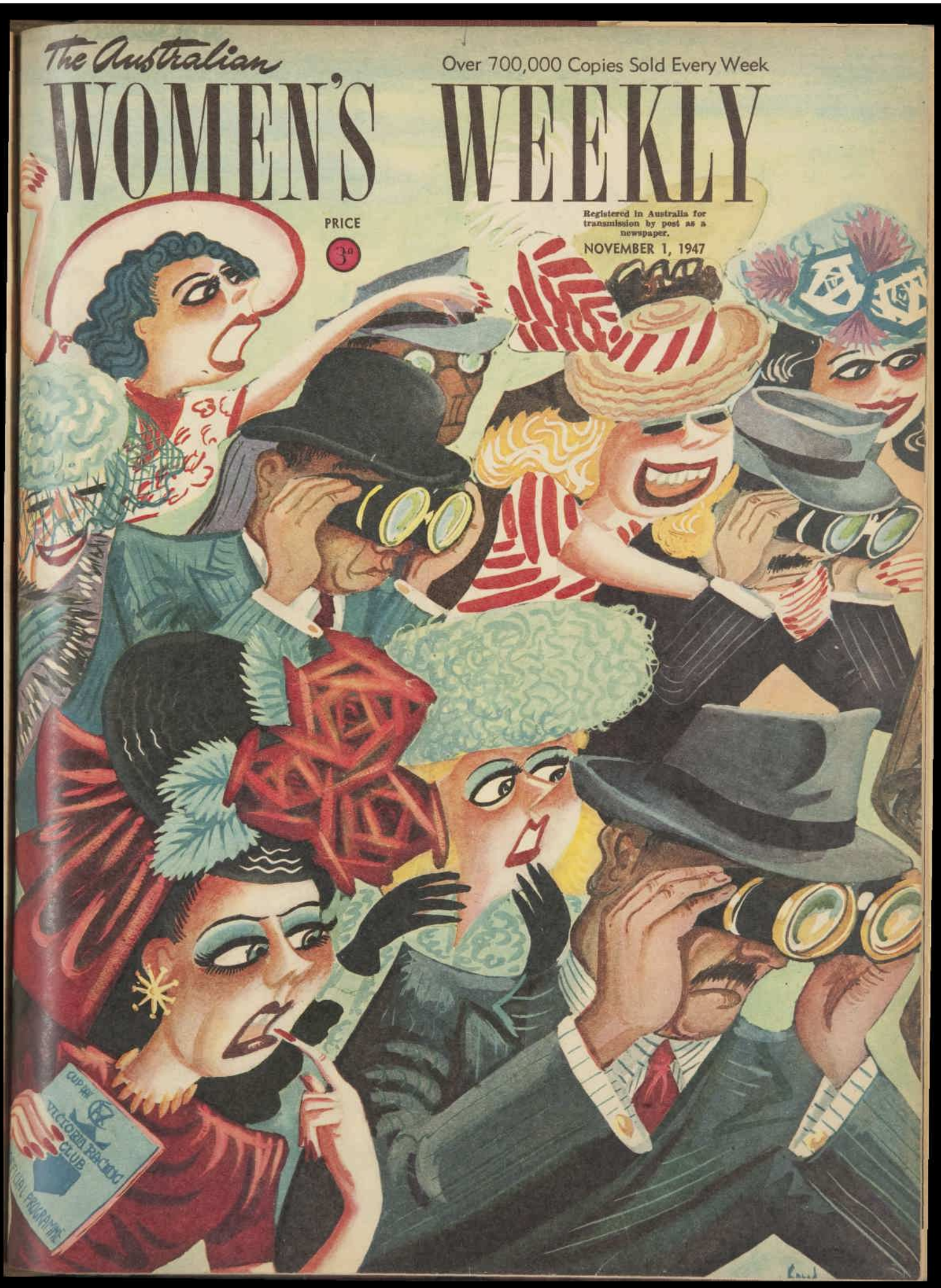

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SIMPLE SIMON

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY 28 ... 1947 OF NEW SOUTH WALES

"Hello there, Ralph," Susan called gaily as she and Ken walked up to the verandah.

FROM the hotel balcony Ken had an excellent view of the wide, dusty street. The string of weatherboard shops were painted, or had acquired, the same sandy color as the road itself, and the little cluster of cars near the railway station, betokening the arrival of a train sometime that afternoon, had long ago surrendered their original duco to that prevailing camouflage.

A little herd of goats outside the stock-and-station-agent's office were investigating the dietary possibilities of the tyres of a motor-car parked there.

Ken watched them idly, because they were the only things in all the long glaring street that moved at all.

Except for a girl who had started briskly crossing the road.

He sat up a little straighter when she appeared, because obviously she was young and her figure was trim and she was walking much too quickly for that hot afternoon and that somnolent Western town. She went into the agent's office.

In a very few minutes she was out again, climbing purposefully into the agent's car and scattering the goats as the car started smoothly away. It came speeding down the street with dust ballooning behind it; and pulled up at Ken's hotel.

Ken got up out of his canvas chair to lean over the railing and take a closer look at her.

Next moment he heard her voice below.

"Dr. Waltham's in, I suppose, Mrs. Halloran?".

"Yes, Miss Jarrett—up on the balcony."

Automatically Ken's hand went up to smooth his hair, to straighten his open collar. A crock he might be, but an attractive stranger asking for him by name was enough to make him forget it. Temporarily.

She came out on to the balcony, a tall, slender girl with fair hair and very direct blue eyes.

"You're Dr. Waltham? My name is Susan Jarrett."

He flinched. A stain of uneasy color came quickly to his thin cheeks.

"You can't beat a country town," he said bitterly. "How did you get hold of that information?"

Susan shrugged.

"Gossip," she said briefly. "I'm glad it's true, because my fiance's been hurt and Dr. Manning's out of town. I've borrowed a car and I can run you out to Riverwood in under an hour. You'll come?"

"It's a matter of life and death?" he asked wearily.

"No, I shouldn't think so. He fell off his horse; from what I can make out he's probably broken his collarbone. Mrs. Coombs, his housekeeper, rang me at the hospital and asked me to bring a doctor." She paused. "I'm a nurse," she added.

His fingers picked at a blister of paint on the balcony-railing. An hour's ride over rough roads—then back again. He didn't feel up to it. And once he started this sort of thing he'd never get any peace . . .

He looked up to meet her clear, unwavering eyes; not scornful—yet, or even questioning. She seemed quite sure he would come.

"Oh, all right," he said, shrugging his thoughts away. "But I'm not making a habit of this sort of thing, you know. I came out here to—to rest."

Susan Jarrett smiled her thanks; and she had the sort of smile that transforms a face to beauty. He followed her down the staircase and out into the car, feeling a stab of nostalgia for all the things that he must not ask of life.

She took the wheel without a word, driving fast and expertly over the rough road, that twisted to bypass pot-holes and anything else worth avoiding, but never varied its direction through the sparse grey-green scrub. Due west.

The sun flamed into the car, and that and the dust and the hot fumes from the engine combined to make his head ache and his throat dry and his chest tight and cramped. He should never have come. If a coughing fit seized him——

He turned his head to the window and gasped into his handkerchief, hoping she wouldn't notice. And then it was upon him.

She stopped the car. Presently, when the attack was wearing off, he felt her hand lightly on his arm.

"It's the dust," he gasped. "Dust. Shouldn't have come. Never mind. I'm right now. You'd better start the car."

She kept her hand on his arm. "It's not asthma, is it?"

"No. Not asthma." When he felt her fingers tighten on his arm he added hurriedly: "Not too bad really. Diagnosed it early. Couple years — this climate — should arrest it."

He sat with closed eyes, conscious of a feeling of peace and returning strength that seemed to have something to do with her hand on his arm. When at last she removed it he turned to smile at her.

"Sorry and all that—but I didn't want to come, you know." He felt unexpectedly explanatory. "I'd absolutely made up my mind to be nothing but a private citizen—and accidents and premature births and all the rest no more my concern than Mrs. Halloran's. After all, Dr. Manning presumably managed all right before I hit the town——"

"He's got more work than he can do, as a rule," she said, starting the car. She drove more slowly now.

He looked, with a smile still on his lips, at her firm young profile; but there was an ache within him.

"I still don't know how you managed it," he said wryly. "I thought I was proof against every sort of cajoling or abuse. But you bowl straight up and just ask—and I come. What's your secret? Just an attractive profile?"

She smiled. "No—something far more fundamental. I've got a pet philosophy."

"And that is?

"Just that most things are to be had for the asking."

He looked at her quickly, then out at the monotonous scrub, and his face set into bitter lines. So most things were to be had for the asking, eh!

"And you a nurse!" he reproved her quietly.

"Oh, I don't mean the big things, perhaps—but just in everyday contacts I've proved it pays to come straight out and ask. People beat about the bush too much."

She negotiated the car deftly between two low green wilga trees and around the bared and yellow roots of a cabbage-gum. "Do you know what my favorite nursery rhyme was when I was a kid?" she asked.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary," he suggested, and she laughed.

"No—Simple Simon. I admired the way he went about things. You know, I was astonished when I discovered at last that in the rhyme 'simple' is meant as a synonym for 'silly.' Why, I thought he showed real business acumen, and considerable understanding of human nature. I bet the pieman gave him a taste in the end."

"I dare say he did," he said, laughing. "If Simple Simon had anything in common with his present admirer." He watched her slim fair hands on the wheel with real pleasure, his coughing fit and his melancholy alike forgotten, then turned his gaze to the unending roads.

By ESTHER ROLAND

"Does anyone really get to love this sort of country?" he said unbelievingly.

"I admit it's pretty deadly, driving through it like this," she answered. "But you wait till we come to Riverwood. When the paddocks are cleared they seem to sweep away from you like the sea. And blue hills heaped on the skyline—there's something about the plains that gets you, after a while."

At Riverwood they found Ralph White lying on a settee on the verandah, whisky and a jug of ice-water on a small cane table beside him. He sat up as they mounted the steps, and his dark young face lit up engagingly as Susan called an airy greeting: "Hello there, Ralph."

It transpired that he had merely dislocated his shoulder; he certainly did not need or desire a stay in hospital.

"We'll have a drink or two," he said, "and we'll get Mrs. Coombs to serve tea out here on the verandah. You're in no hurry to get back, are you, Doctor? I don't see Susan half as often as I want to, so we must make the most of this excuse."

Selfish and spoiled and too fond of the grog, Ken decided with quite unnecessary heat.

He should have found it pleasant sitting out here on the wide verandah, with the sunlight mellowing on the sweeping paddocks, and a haze blurring the hills—for it was restful here, and cool, and both Susan and Ralph were agreeable companions.

Ralph had a quick-witted, restless charm, with a gleam in his eye like an incorrigibly naughty small boy that was difficult to resist. But Ken thought he was lucky beyond his deserts. He had health and youth and charm, and he owned not only Riverwood but another station north of Cloncurry, at which he usually spent about half the year.

He was going there in a few days, but this time it was to prepare the property for sale, for Riverwood was his family home, and it was here that he wanted to live. And when he came back from the north he was going to marry Susan.

Ralph's fall had shaken him sufficiently to make an early night advisable, and soon after tea Susan and Ken drove back to town, Ken taking the wheel himself this time. That meant the drive was a slow one, as he didn't know the road; and he was glad of it, for they found much to talk about.

He even found himself talking naturally — after discussing some of his experiences as an Army doctor — of the routine X-ray that had disrupted his life; of his decision to devote his deferred pay to self-treatment in a beneficial climate, and a town where he knew no one . . .

Afterwards, lying awake in his bedroom at the hotel, he wondered how it was that he could have shed his usual reticence so easily.

From that day on he found that the solitary existence he had planned for himself was not possible after all—the townspeople introduced themselves and then absorbed him. He became one of a party of onlookers at cricket matches, dances, swimming parties—at any of the amiable social functions that were part of the life of the town.

His need for rest was accepted, but never remarked upon, and he had to admit that this sort of friendly intercourse did him no harm at all—in fact, he was able to go back to his study of medical theory with a previously unattainable zest.

The melancholy that had blighted him since his discharge from the Army began slowly but steadily to lift; and for a long time he did not ask himself how much of this was due to Susan Jarrett.

Inevitably he saw quite a lot of her, but so seldom alone that even the townsfolk, their tongues as ready for gossip as in any other small country town, found nothing worth talking about.

Dr. Manning and his wife extended to Ken a prompt friendship—he often visited their home and on occasions even helped the doctor with his work, and, as Susan was a close friend of the doctor's wife, it was natural enough that they should meet there frequently.

Ken was too grateful for his unexpected happiness and general well-being to bother analysing it.

The flash of the diamond on Susan's finger, the letters he sometimes posted for her, the housewifely plans she made with Rita Manning for the interior decoration of Riverwood — these things caused him only a momentary restlessness that was soon forgotten in the lazy pleasantness of each succeeding day.

Please turn to page 4

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ALFRED

"Well, I'm sure you will think of something very nice to say, Alfred, and you can tell us next time."

Simple Simon

Continued from page 3

THEN Ralph White came back from the north in August.

Susan had told him that Ralph would be back in a day or two, having sold the northern property. So when he went round to the Mannings' that Thursday evening he should have been prepared for the sight of Ralph standing there by the fire.

He was rumpling Susan's hair while she reproved him affectionately; her cheeks were flushed and she looked very young and dishevelled, and she did not even see that Ken had entered the room.

"Ken," said Rita Manning, "you haven't met Ralph, have you? Ralph White, Ken Waltham——"

"Oh, you bet we've met before!" Ralph said cheerfully. "Didn't he fix up my shoulder for me after Falcon threw me? How are you?"

It was with an effort that Ken took his extended hand. He made himself murmur cordial greetings, made himself sit down and pretend that the occasion was quite a normal one. But he dared not look at Susan. He was afraid that she would see his love for her uncovered in his eyes and pity him.

Ralph White managed to transform their quiet evening into a very much brighter affair, with a few drinks, a few hands of poker for higher stakes than Ken for one could well afford, and plenty of animated backchat.

All the time he kept up a semi-serious argument with Susan about the date of their wedding—next month, he urged her—there was no earthly reason why they should wait till December—of course she could be ready if she tried . . .

Susan's voice to-night was bright and quick, and she was more vivacious than Ken had ever known her. Perhaps he had not known the real Susan, after all.

He made an excuse and left early, and when he got back to the hotel he began to cough. The spasm left him so exhausted he rang for whisky to be sent up to his room.

A few drinks might put him to sleep—he needed so much to sleep, to still the vicious, hopeless thoughts beating tirelessly on his brain . . .

In the morning, sitting up in bed, he managed a rueful grin.

"Diagnosis — good old-fashioned hangover," he murmured, and reached out a shaking hand for cigarettes. He caught sight of the whisky bottle.

"Treatment," he said slowly, "a hair of the dog——"

After that first bad day he tried to combat the return of melancholy by intensive study, by going out and talking to people, by anything rather than drink.

But when he tried to study he could not bring the words together in his mind and knit them into sense; and when he went out either he saw Susan with Ralph or else he heard the coming wedding discussed.

The careful, self-disciplinary schedule he had followed for months, involving as it did the curbing of any impulse that might prove detrimental to his health, seemed now so entirely pointless that taking refuge to a certain extent in drink was only one of many ways in which he let it lapse.

His friends began, very gently, to reproach him. He'd been getting on so well—they said with sadness in their eyes. Dr. Manning tried to talk about it more directly. Rita issued definite invitations where once she had let him wander up at will. And Susan—Susan stopped him in the street.

"What's wrong, Ken? We've been worrying about you."

He looked at her in the soft spring sunlight, and perhaps she was answered though he did not speak at all. He saw tears brimming in her eyes.

"I'm all right," he said hastily. "I don't want you to worry about me. You're a nurse, aren't you? There's bound to be deterioration eventually—"

"Ken! That's not true, and you know it! You have every chance of getting well if you'll just pull yourself together."

Her voice faltered. He could not stand any more. He turned on his heel and left her, and when he got to the hotel he ordered whisky in his room.

Mrs. Halloran came up, without the whisky, and began to remonstrate with him. He jumped up from his chair and flung the wardrobe open.

"I'm getting out of this town!" he cried. "Why can't you leave a man alone?"

He began to throw his suits on to the bed, and Mrs. Halloran said gently: "Well, there's no hurry, you know, Ken. There isn't any train till to-morrow."

In spite of himself a smile twisted his mouth. He put back the suit he held in his hand, and went and sat on the bed.

"So that little display of heroics —or something—was to no purpose after all," he said, grinning wryly at Mrs. Halloran. He sighed. "But I've got to get out, Mrs. Halloran. I'm afraid I just haven't got the strength of character to get better—in this town." He put his face in his hands.

"Now, don't you worry about a thing," Mrs. Halloran said. "I'll pack your things for you with me own hands, that I will, and you can go along to Dr. Manning's to-night and say good-bye to them, civilised-like." She paused.

"They might understand better than you think," she added briskly, and began to tidy his strewn bed.

He laughed.

"Nothing escapes you, does it!" Then, to change the subject: "But I'll have to leave my farewells till the morning. This happens to be the day of the month that the doctor goes out to Harkham, and he won't be back till to-morrow. Don't bother about my clothes, Mrs. Halloran, I'll get them straight myself."

He spent the afternoon packing. At night he went out to call on one or two of the townsfolk to whom he owed the courtesy of a farewell, and as he turned out of the main street he saw, in the dim light from street-lamps, a girl in white hurrying down from a long, low building on his right—the hospital.

Please turn to page 10

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JUST THE MAN FOR HER

By Peter Paul O'Mara

GRAHAM ATWALLER had two daughters, both of whom, of course, he loved devotedly.

Althea, the elder, was in her later twenties, and she was easily the most beautiful and by far the most brilliant girl in Edgebrook, and probably in the whole State.

She had graduated with first-class honors at the top of her year when she was nineteen, and gained a Ph.D. at twenty-two. Now, she ran the social services of Edgebrook, and kept an iron hand on its cultural life.

Her sister Dorothy, on the other hand, was quite different.

She was not quite twenty; she was not at all beautiful—she had a snub nose and freckles, but she had sunny hair and nice teeth, and a very well-stacked little figure — and whatever brains she had would never set a haystack on fire.

Moreover, she was completely culture-resistant in much the same way that a fish is resistant to water—she could swim around in the stuff, but she never absorbed any of it.

"I'm just dumb, I suppose," she would admit without sorrow. "Honestly, Al, I like boogie-woogie better than I do Bach."

"That has nothing to do with it," Althea would tell her severely. "And don't call me 'Al,' please."

Dorothy had insisted on leaving school at fifteen, despite Althea's homilies on the value of higher education.

"I'm no good at higher education," she protested. "And besides, I'd much rather stay at home and keep house for Daddy. The poor old character would miss me dreadfully if I went away."

He would have, too. Mr. Atwaller was a widower, and while he was extremely proud of his elder daughter, it was the younger one who made him laugh, and who made his life comfortable.

She could cook like an angel, and she knew when to keep quiet and when to talk, and she never, never, never tried to improve his mind.

He had been quite content with his mind for forty-five years or so, until Althea had shown him into what a truly sad state he had allowed it to fall. It was, therefore, comforting in these days to know that Dorothy, at least, still thought him normally bright for his age.

One morning he and Dorothy were having breakfast together—Althea was always up and out before they had finished fuddling around with their toothbrushes. Mr. Atwaller, to-day, was silent even for him.

"Know what?" he asked at last in a voice of doom.

Dorothy looked receptive and poured him another cup of coffee.

"She wants me to run for mayor," he said.

Dorothy put the pot down and looked at him with her mouth open.

"Creepers!" she said. "Spittoons and things. And sewer contracts!"

Mr. Atwaller nodded gloomily. "Yes. But she says if honest men won't run for office what can we expect?" He sighed. "She's right, too."

"She always is," Dorothy said sadly, and then looked hopeful. "Maybe you won't be elected."

Her father looked sceptical. "With Althea behind me? I'll be in by an avalanche!"

They were silent then, each sunk in gloomy foreboding. Mr. Atwaller did not want to be mayor. He was a solicitor; he made enough money to keep him in comfortable idleness for the rest of his life; he would have already retired if he had not enjoyed going down to the office every day for a few hours of peace and quiet.

And Dorothy certainly did not want to be the mayor's hostess.

"We'll just have to get Althea married off," she said at last, determinedly. "That's all."

"And who," he demanded, "is going to marry her?"

Dorothy drooped again. No one had ever proposed marriage to Althea because no one had been conceited enough to think himself worthy of so much brilliance wrapped up in so much beauty.

Mr. Atwaller put it more crudely. "She scares the shirts off 'em," he said. "She looks 'em up and down, and when she's through they feel like low-grade morons. And act like it, too."

Dorothy nodded, admitting to herself that there wasn't a hope of finding a husband for Althea in Edgebrook. Still, she could not completely abandon her only hope.

"We'll have to find someone from somewhere else," she said. "Someone really brilliant. A man she'll just have to look up to."

It seemed a hopeless proposition, and they probably would have abandoned it soon if it had not been for Althea's frighteningly successful manoeuvres to assure her father of the mayoral election.

And then, one afternoon, Mr. Atwaller came home with a glint in his eye. He went to the kitchen, where he found Dorothy superintending preparations for dinner. He dragged her to the privacy of the library and did not speak until he had shut the door behind them.

"I've got him!" he said then, jubilantly.

"Who is he?" She was sceptical; she had begun to lose hope.

"Robey Carmington!" he told her triumphantly.

ROBEY CARMINGTON was a brilliant young scientist who had won the prize for something to do with physics when he graduated in Science ten years before. He was also the son of an old and rich family. He was a bachelor of whom no one seemed to know any scandal, and the pictures of him in the papers indicated that he was moderately good-looking.

"How did you get hold of him?" she asked.

Her father looked smug. "He's lecturing at the Club this evening, and I'm on the entertainment committee. Grabbed him before anyone else could. We're giving him dinner and putting him up for the night. I'm meeting his plane in half an hour."

Dorothy wished she had had a little more warning. There were only two vegetables with the roast for dinner; there wasn't a cake in the house, and only an apple-pie for dessert.

However, she set about trimming up this rather meagre fare so that it would look as adequate as possible.

She did not come back to earth until she realised that it was already dinnertime and she was not even dressed. Mr. Carmington must have arrived already. He and Althea must already have met.

He had. She found him with her father and sister in the living-room, drinking cocktails. Althea looked positively regal in a long white-and-gold dinner dress, with her gold hair piled high on her head.

She was doing the talking — on physics—her rich voice holding forth about things Dorothy had never even heard of before. Mr. Carmington was gazing at her like a fascinated stoat. He was obviously enthralled.

"This is my other daughter, Dorothy, Mr. Carmington," her father said, interrupting Althea.

"I c-couldn't sleep," Robey stammered, "I k-kept thinking of this pie and got hungrier and hungrier."

She saw that he was tall and quite good-looking, and that the eyes behind the glasses were grey. His hair looked as though his mother had combed it before he left home, but something had happened in the meanwhile. Three tufts of it in the back stood straight up; they made him look younger than his thirty-three years.

"H-how do you d-do, Miss Atwaller?" he asked.

She found his tiny stammer fascinating, and she hoped he would say something else, but Althea did not give him a chance.

"Dorothy, dear, you really do look a mess!" She laughed lightly, and turned to Robey. "My little sister is very much the Martha type, Mr. Carmington, but she can be really quite pretty when she takes the trouble."

Dorothy felt herself coloring, and immediately felt moist and unpowdered and badly dressed. She had to remind herself that it really did not matter what Robey Carmington thought of her—it was what he thought of Althea that counted.

It became obvious during the evening that he thought Althea was stupendous. He managed to eat an enormous meal without once taking his eyes off her, or ceasing to listen to her.

Afterwards, of course, Althea went along to his lecture. Dorothy stayed at home, shamefacedly confessing that she would not know what it was all about, anyway.

When they came home, Althea was full of the things of which Robey had spoken, discussing them point by point with him. Or, rather, discussing them with herself, since he did very little of the talking.

Dorothy went to bed at last, signalling her father to follow her. He seemed only too willing, because she had not been in her room more than five minutes when he knocked and thrust his head in.

"What do you think?" he asked.

She considered. "Well, she certainly seemed impressed by him. I never knew her to make such an effort to entertain anyone before."

Her father nodded. "Never shut her mouth all the evening. Don't suppose she'll scare him off, do you?"

Dorothy shook her head. "He simply couldn't take his eyes off her, or stop listening."

"I couldn't stop listening myself," Mr. Atwaller said, yawning. "You think there's hope, then?"

"I'm sure of it," Dorothy said.

Perversely, Mr. Atwaller shook his head. "Seems a nice young fellow, too! It's a shame!"

Dorothy did not answer that last piece of family treachery, but when she was in bed with the light off, she agreed to herself that he was a nice young fellow.

She found herself wondering what Althea would do about the three tufts of hair on the top of his head. Something drastic, certainly, because they looked untidy, and Althea hated untidiness.

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SMILE AT THE CAMERA

By M. L. BULL

BEN MILLER says it's sacrilege; it's like putting an orchid in a pickle jar. He feels strongly about the girl having to wear the starched linen overall with the fancy initials embroidered on the pocket. The initials are C.C.S.S., which stand for Come-Come Street Snaps.

The shop is tucked away in a city arcade, and there you can find the blue starched orchid any week day from nine till six. She is quite a girl.

Ben would decry that for understatement, but Ben's opinion is biased, unreliable, not to be taken seriously. Briefly — Ben is crazy over this girl and, not knowing her name, he calls her simply — The Angel.

It was a mild Monday morning in August. The arcade smelt delightfully of boronia and hot meat-pies from the florist and tea-rooms on either side of Come-Come Snaps. And Ben sailed into the Angel's presence, beaming appreciation.

"Lovely day! Like summer, isn't it?" he said.

The Angel, as always, was as unbending as her stiff-as-buckram overall, and not to be diverted by the weather.

"Have you a ticket?" she asked.

Ben had. Several. Given him by the man with the camera, for whom he posed regularly in nonchalant positions on the Post Office steps. He selected one from the bundle and carefully pocketed the remainder—a week's supply of excuses to see her.

The usual routine. The Angel gave him a page of miniature snaps, guaranteed too small to be seen even with the aid of a threepenny magnifying glass, which she reluctantly supplied upon request.

Ben performed his act. He peered, grunted and decided: "Not bad. I'll have that one."

Then it came. The Angel addressed him needlessly. For her first voluntary, not strictly business-like remark, it was a disappointment. She said: "You must have quite a gallery of your own snaps!"

Ben felt her inference was, "Most men don't collect their own photographs with your enthusiasm!" It was like being dumped in a heavy surf, or winded by a surfboard in the stomach. It knocked the sun right out of the sky. He tried to laugh.

"It's a sort of hobby," he said.

The Angel remarked: "Fancy that!" with her eyebrows—wonderful, golden-brown eyebrows like, thought Ben, delicate new moons. The bunch of hair falling over either shoulder was the same rich color—the yellowy-brown of chrysanthemums with the sun on them.

"How many copies would you like?" She was all working girl, no angel, full of her own efficiency.

"Three."

The eyebrows indicated that this was excessive.

"Or . . . perhaps one will be enough."

"Call any time after Wednesday. Good morning!"

Dismissed!

And there he was back in the draughty arcade and now he could only smell the hot meat-pies. He retreated to his office on the next floor of the arcade, almost directly over Come-Come Snaps, to examine his wounds.

They were severe. He felt he had been heavily sat upon. Deflated. He felt also that the Angel did not like his approach.

The day was passed bleakly in dictating letters to clients who had trusted him as Ben Miller, Patent Attorney, with the treasures of their minds, and three of these aspiring inventors he addressed as—"Dear Angel." His secretary told the lift-man he was definitely—her current word—suffering from a hangover.

At six o'clock he left the office. At two minutes past he stepped from the lift. It matters. Because if he had not passed down the arcade at exactly 6.04 he might never have been responsible for helping an Angel in distress.

There she was—all dark overcoat, fair hair, and pretty impatience—fighting with the garage-type door of Come-Come Snaps. Her hands grasped a stout chain.

Apparently the door was meant to roll when she pulled, and she was pulling all right, standing on tip-toe and yanking mightily but—no roll from the door, not even a creak to show it was trying.

For an instant Ben stood, rapt. She made the most disturbingly wonderful picture! What was the fellow with the camera doing, not being round to record transient, breath-taking beauty like this?

Then, rallying, Ben sprang to her aid.

"Can I help?"

The Angel sighed over her shoulder. "Would you? It's got me beat!"

At that moment Ben would gladly have given a month's cigarette ration to have defeated that door. He pulled. Nothing happened. His deferred pay and old slippers thrown in. He heaved again but . . . no go.

He smiled apologetically at the girl and gave it all he had.

A passer-by, a wizened-up old gentleman, stopped. He said, "Allow me," to Ben, and hit the top of the door expertly with his walking-stick. Witchcraft. Something gave and the door came rushing down, willing as a guillotine.

The Angel smiled with—Ben thought—excessive gratitude upon the old man. "Thank you ever so much!" and kindly to Ben, "Thank you for trying!"

IN another second she and his golden opportunity would be gone, lost in the home-going street crowds. The old magician had wandered off, beaming complacently. The time to act was now.

"That's all right, Miss Delmere. A pleasure."

The gold-brown eyebrows looked interested. "Did you just guess my name?"

"Was I right?"

"Absolutely."

"Astounding!"

"Yes, aren't you?" There was a laugh, but a friendly laugh, in her voice.

This was better. Learning her name had been worth suffering the liftman's taunting, familiar grin. He had supplied it—Miss Jane Delmere—with an objectionable ha-ha look, but—yes, it had been a bargain at the price.

There was that boronia again. Ambrosial. Exciting. It gave him sudden courage. Or was the smile in her eyes responsible? Recklessly he invented. "Delmere was my mother's maiden name."

"What a coincidence!"

"Yes. Then it changed to Miller."

"How-do-you-do, Mr. Miller."

"Ben, Miss Delmere."

"Jane, Ben."

They laughed. Oh, yes, this was considerably better. And the boronia was positively intoxicating.

"You know, Jane, it'd be nice to discuss the Delmere clan." He jerked his head at "Ye Olde Tea-shop." "Over a cup of coffee."

Was that the proverbial spanner? Had he wrecked anything? For a painful second he believed so, but she was frowning at her watch—not at him—and thinking aloud. "I've missed my train and there's a twenty-minute wait till the next."

They had two cups of coffee and two cigarettes each, but forgot to discuss their Delmere ancestors. The future, not the past, interested Ben—especially the immediate future and what Jane's answer would be when he asked, "Will you let me take you out some night?"

"Jane . . ."

"Yes, Ben?"

"Will you let me . . .? Jane, let's prolong and have dinner together to-night! At some place where we can dance!"

The universe stood still. You could hear it pull up, brakes screeching, and groan at Ben, who was so determinedly smashing things, so deliberately wrecking his chances with the girl.

Jane said, "I'd like to, Ben."

The universe frowned, then shrugged tolerant shoulders. Women, it decided—not very originally — are unpredictable. It pushed on.

The way she danced. Like an angel should, with a serene, airy grace, living the music. Her head was close to his shoulder; her eyelashes fell darkly on her cheeks, and he wanted to feel the smooth warmness of her cheek.

It was like touching living, glowing camellias and when she opened her eyes there was a smile there, forgiving him.

Then the music changed. A novelty number with a quick beat. It was an outrage after the sweet slowness of a sentimental blues hit.

They left the floor, still holding hands, and sat facing one another across the small, immaculate table-cloth. It could have been a snow-covered plain.

There seemed nothing to say. While they had danced the music spoke, eloquently. Everything he most wanted to tell her had been said out there on the circle of dance floor, with its subdued indirect lighting; but did Jane know it—that he had just made love to her?

Stepping out into the night air, feeling the sharp cold, the street noises like blows, Ben said, "Jane . . . I meant that music."

Blessedly, unbelievably, she replied, "I think I did, too, Ben."

The music started up again, sweet and appealing as before. And he didn't need the restaurant band, because he made his own melody—a silent singing, a prayer of thanks.

At the door of the suburban guest-house where she boarded he kissed her good-night. Twice. And it didn't matter that he had missed the last train home, because walking was a pleasure. All the way her voice caressed him, "I meant that music, too, Ben," and "Thanks for a lovely night."

In the space of a fortnight Come-Come Snaps had changed. Business was not as usual. Smiles were thrown in with service, cheery words, heart-warming jokes dispensed in unlimited numbers to every customer.

"Can I help?" Ben asked, seeing her struggling with the shutter.

Jane had changed. She looked like a girl in love.

Even to the unromantic Detective-Sergeant Mott, standing in the doorway watching her flick a duster at the shop counter, she looked like a girl who was going somewhere special that night.

A dark overcoat hung behind a door, and pinned to the coat collar was a spray of hyacinths and boronia. The hyacinths were the blue of her frock.

Jane looked up and frowned in a puzzled way at the door, ignoring him as though he were dust that had annoyingly crept in. "I thought I closed it"

"I opened it!" He looked big and detective-like.

"Well, you had no right to whatsoever! The shop is closed. Come back to-morrow morning." And she waved an airy dismissal with a recently manicured hand. Whereupon the detective banged the door, but on the wrong side, and marched smartly up to the counter.

"Listen here, young lady, I'm Detective-Sergeant Mott! I'm here on business!"

"Oh!" That was different. "Well, I think you should see the boss at our head office, Detective."

"I want to see you! At this office!" He emphasised it with a thumping tattoo on the counter.

Jane walked quickly to the shop window, but there was no handsome Ben galloping up the arcade. "Well, I suppose I'll have to listen, but, please," with a beseeching smile, "please hurry!"

The detective was a hard man. Beseeching smiles flew off him like blossoms hitting a stone wall. No effect. He began a deliberately unhurried perusal of his wallet.

Jane, humming contentedly, propped her flap-jack on the filing cabinet and adjusted an idiotic black hat before the miniature mirror. She slipped on the black coat, sniffing delicate hyacinths and the sharp sweetness of Melbourne boronia. Ben's flowers. From the florist next door.

And then she was looking at Ben himself—at a familiar snap the detective had thrust under her nose. Ben in studied devil-may-care stance on a street corner, and grinning—grinning quite inanely, bless him!

"Have you ever seen this man before?"

An indulgent smile, a comfortable sigh. "H'mm, H'mm." (Only every night for fourteen heavenly nights.)

"When did you see him last?"

"About an hour ago." (But it seems much longer.)

Please turn to page 25

Adolyn Paris Fashions —— Obtainable from all stores in all States throughout Australia —— Adolyn Paris Fashions.

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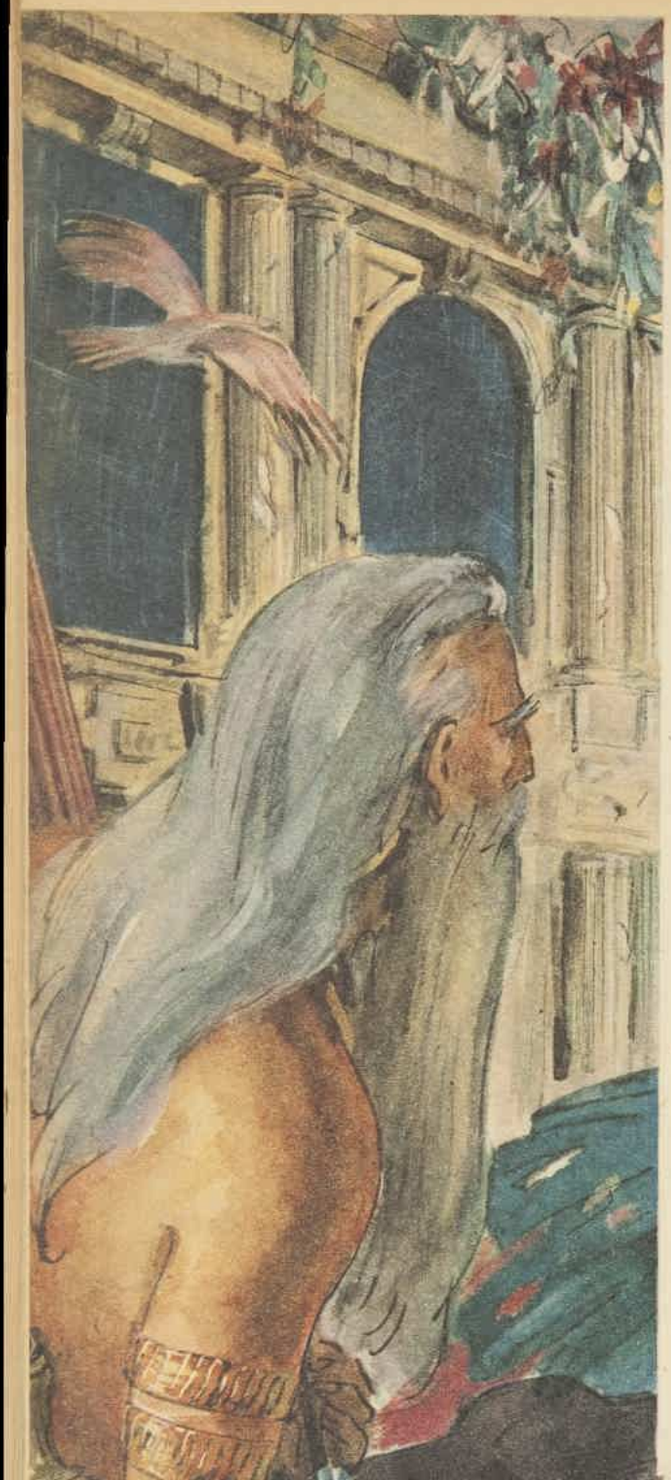

The Blast

NEW SERIAL – ***The atom bomb provides the inspiration for this superb piece of imaginative writing.***

By STUART CLOETE

I AM writing this because today I saw two girls. It was very odd after twenty years. I do not know if anyone—the word "anyone" looks funny—will ever find this, or be able to read it, or even if it will last, because it is written in pencil.

Naturally, there is no ink. It all dried up long ago, but there are plenty of pencils, thousands of them, pencils by the hundred thousand gross—all the best kinds, just for the picking up.

It's difficult to know where to begin. It all happened so long ago that some of the details are fogged and I'm even doubtful of the chronology.

The big thing, of course, the real beginning was the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki—the atomic bomb and the bungling that followed it after the war: fear of Russia, fear of free enterprise, fear of Communism, of Fascism, fear, in fact.

I remember one thing in '46, and that was a senator from Florida saying that we should destroy every facility we possessed capable of producing only destructive forms of atomic energy. This made a great impression on me, just as Roosevelt's saying, "All we have to fear is fear itself," had done.

But, of course, we did not pay any more attention to this senator than we had to the late President. We entered into a kind of armament race. Strength was the thing, power politics; and atoms were power. The common man didn't really believe in it but what could he do? When had he ever been able to prevent wars? All he did was fight them.

Anyway, there was no war. There was only a state of fear. There were only rumors—stories that Russia and Spain were only a year behind us in the race for atomic production.

These two countries were, of course, at opposite ideological poles and were a constant threat not only to each other, but to the world.

Then there was the rumor that no one believed, but which nevertheless had the psychological effect of adding to the general fear and uncertainty of mankind. It was that a group of Germans in South America had discovered new fissionable material and that the process of refining it was so simple that bombs could be made in any garage—or if not quite in a garage, in almost any small machine shop.

This, if it were true, naturally would render the inspection measures discussed by the United Nations completely ineffective, because, quite obviously, all small plants all over the world could not be kept under supervision. This rumor appeared, if I remember correctly, in the late spring of '47 after the U.N. had met at Lake Success.

Then in the summer of '47 came a new rumor—only it was a little more than a rumor because the same story came from several accredited sources—that the new bombs were minuscule, no bigger than a fountain pen, and could be taken anywhere and planted with impunity.

This probably was untrue, but certainly the underlying principle was true. Bombs were being made that were both smaller and more powerful. We had been making them ourselves, ever since the very first ones we'd used in the New Mexico test and in Japan, but this information was kept from the people.

Things of the greatest moment to the public were seldom made public, and the man in the street, misled by the silence of the Army and Navy and the scientists they muzzled, had no inkling of the improvements which had been effected or of the fact that the State Department was aware that the experiments in heavy water, begun during the war by the Germans, were being continued in this hemisphere.

We knew that there were many Germans in South America. We knew that many war criminals had escaped there, by various subterfuges and in various disguises. We knew that young Norwegian Nazis had been invited over as colonists. We knew that Russia was courting the all but openly Fascist southern republics—and knowing all this we discounted it all.

What happened next is history. I never bothered writing about it till to-day, because, thinking myself the only survivor, I could see little point in recording the events of the past twenty years.

It is, I think, the year 1967 now; and the month—I am less certain of the months—is probably May. I deduce this from the flowering shrubs, the state of the foliage, and the fact that most of the young birds have flown from their nests.

Perhaps, too, I have avoided writing, though writing comes easily to me (it used to be my profession; I was a novelist), because of the terror of those days, which I wish to forget if possible.

Even now, though the pain has been softened slightly by the passage of time, it will be difficult for me to write of the death of my wife, who, having survived the first blasts and succeeded in living on with me almost a year, finally died in my arms of the Red Death, as it came to be called.

None of this, of course, is the true reason for having either not written before or for writing now. The real reason is that previously there was no one to write for; but now there is, because I have seen people. People are an audience, and some old reflex in me has been activated.

That was the way I used to be, as full of ideas as an oyster is full of meat (or fish, I suppose it is). But anyway, once I had an idea I had to write it to make room for new ideas.

I thought I was over it all. Just as I had thought I was over women—girls. But I see that I have deceived myself and that this manuscript, this record, may be of some historic value. That is the true reason for this work that I am writing in a mixture of hope and fear. I am filling in time till something happens.

Till what happens? That is what I want to know. But something must happen . . .

At the time of the blast—before it, that is—I was well known as the author of several South African novels. I am of South African descent and, at that time, still had a farm in the Transvaal. I suppose I have it still—even now.

This is probably what saved my life, for in the beginning, though there were others who came through the plague, most people were apparently unable to stand the conditions of life when all meat had to be hunted and savage animals roamed through the piled canyons of what had been the greatest city in the world.

Please turn to page 28

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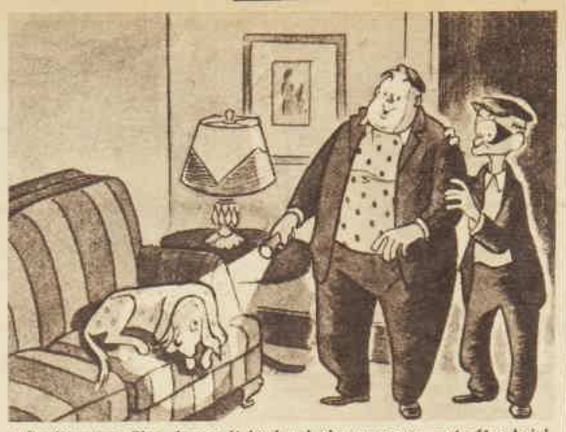

"Don't worry, Slug, he won't bark an' give us away—not after bein' caught sleepin' on the couch."

Simple Simon

Continued from page 4

KEN stopped in his stride, because he knew at once that it was Susan.

She did not seem at all surprised to see him, but her face was white and strained.

"I was just coming to get you," she said. "You heard about the accident?"

"Accident?"

"Old Hec Williams rang up. He found Ralph's car piled up about ten miles out of town, and Ralph unconscious." She was breathing very quickly. "We can get Dick Rankin's car. Come on."

A cold and bitter rage took possession of him. So he was to be dragged out to minister to that careless young man again, and to find, no doubt, that he'd merely been stunned for an instant.

"You're taking your Simple Simon philosophy one step further, I see," he said. "This time you haven't even asked."

"Is that necessary? Dr. Manning is in Harkham—"

"And I am a private citizen."

"This is no time to quibble. It may be serious—"

"You're a nurse. You can give him first aid. And probably Hec Williams will help you get him back to hospital."

He strode blindly away from her, along the wide dim road, till he stumbled into a fence and realised he had come to the outskirts of the town. He went back to the hotel by another route. That he couldn't sleep didn't matter, anyway. Nothing mattered.

He was up at the first hint of daylight to bath and shave and complete his preparations for departure. Mrs. Halloran brought up a breakfast-tray, and her eyes had a spark in them that went oddly with the prim composure of her face.

She looked, Ken decided without much interest, as people do who have bad news to tell. A befitting regret, highlighted by something that came close to enjoyment. When she was leaving the room she paused at the door.

"Pity you weren't in last night, Doctor," she said, giving him his title for once. "There was a bad accident last night on the western road."

His hand paused in the act of sprinkling sugar on his porridge.

"Bad?" he echoed stupidly.

"Yes—poor young Ralph White. They got him to the hospital all right, but he died there at three o'clock this morning."

The spoon clattered from Ken's hand. He saw Mrs. Halloran coming over to him, concern in her face—then saw her as a great blur that enlarged and enlarged nightmarishly.

He stood up in an unconscious effort to ward off horror, and the action was too much for his reeling senses. Mrs. Halloran caught him as he fell.

Ken did not catch the train that day. He knew just enough to realise that he was in hospital and to shut his eyes at the sight of a nurse lest it turn out to be Susan.

He tried to die, and when the worst of his illness had passed he regarded his continued existence as a bitter jest of fate's.

He decided he would have to see Susan.

"Any chance of seeing Nurse Jarrett?" he asked the probationer.

"Well, I think she's off duty just now. She's been in a lot to ask after you, you know."

"I thought she might have—have got a few days off. The shock. You know—her fiance."

"Yes—wasn't that awful? A nice young fellow like Mr. White. But it was just as well he didn't live—his back was broken."

Ken shuddered and shut his eyes. When he opened them again Susan was standing beside him.

He looked at her for a long while without a word. So young and straight she looked in her white uniform, her face thinner than he remembered it, her blue eyes very big——

"Susan. It will seem terribly futile to say I'm sorry, I know. But I've got to say it."

"Yes," she said quietly. After a pause she said: "You couldn't have saved him Ken. And, besides—he was drunk, and that was because of me." She took a deep breath. "I gave him back his ring that night, you see—and so he got drunk." There were tears in her eyes.

"I have to go now, Ken," she said, and quietly she left the room.

He went back to the hotel when he was well enough, and told Mrs. Halloran he planned to leave the town in about a week. She looked disappointed. Probably, he thought grimly, she was hoping for a romance—as though he could ever ask Susan to marry him!

In the meantime he went up to the Manningas' every night, and when Susan was there he would accompany her back to the hospital afterwards—in silence. When they were alone the trivialities of conversation sounded hollow. Better silence, then, and a brief goodnight——

But on the third night she stopped him as he turned to go.

"Ken," she said firmly. "Will you marry me?"

He felt the swift color suffuse his face, and he began to tremble. He must remember what a crock he was—he must not look at her dear face upturned to his in the lamplight—he must not see the love in her eyes; her soft, sweet, tremulous mouth——

She was speaking again.

"I'm quite willing to wait if that's the way you want it. I—love you, Ken." She paused. "Will you?"

He tried to remind himself that he was not worthy of any woman, least of all Susan. Then he gave it up and his arms went out and around her.

"All right," he said, and he laughed a little. "How long have you known that I was yours for the asking?"

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Hollywood stars swim in white

PEGGY KNUDSEN, Warner starlet, sets off her blonde beauty with one of the new closely woven woollen one-piece bathing suits suitable for the keen swimmer. She has a good role in the Joan Crawford film, "Humoresque."

COTTON GABARDINE is a new material for a 1947 swimsuit. Janis Paige wears it in white, with gold buckles on bra and shorts. The bra has the new wide one-strap top.

SUZI CRANDALL, chic young film player, prefers the bra and shorts bathing suit to help obtain a good suntan. Her next film will be "That Way With Women," opposite Dane Clark in a drama for Warners.

JANIS PAIGE models a one-piece lastex bathing suit in which soft shades of blue and a tropical design fit perfectly with basic white.

OPEN-WORK SEAMS give Janis Paige's classic one-piece bathing suit its perfect fit. Janis bought the suit while she was appearing in Warners' "The Time, The Place And The Girl." Her white sandals are closely studded with gold nail-heads across the instep bands.

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from New York

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TAILORED LOOK in a white summer felt with tall crown and rippling brim.

FETCHING bonnet of grey taffeta shirred and puffed on a yellow straw brim, with a side-knot of white roses and lily-of-the-valley and tall grey feather.

DEMURE little round hat of black velvet smothered in a deep band of white pansies.

YOUTHFUL model for a broad brow and low-on-the-neck hair-do. Made in white linen-crash, its brim widens from front to back and is folded up above the chignon of hair. The bunch of flowers above the brow are rose-toned feather peonies.

COOL-LOOKING white cellophane straw—a shallow bicorne with a feather bow above the folded-back brim.

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Original model by Jacques Fath of Paris—by courtesy of David Jones'.

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MIRROR MANNERS demand that you don't spend more than your fair time on make-up repairs. While you are primping, other girls can't get near it.

SURF FLOATS are meant for open spaces, so keep them clear of defenceless bathers.

PICNICS are fun, but don't be careless. Litter, scraps, and bottles spoil the sand for others.

MIND YOUR MANNERS

● *This year beach inspectors and police are tightening up on behaviour on Australian beaches, and dealing with cases of hooliganism and rowdiness.*

But there are lots of other ways in which thoughtlessness or bad manners can spoil the beach for those around you.

In these pictures model Dawn Anderson, with the aid of interested surfers, illustrates some of the ways you SHOULDN'T behave on the beach.

SANDY TOWEL prickles his skin, so thoughtless sunbaker here gives it a good shake —right in the faces of the party behind him. He doesn't even notice their discomfort.

BEACH SPRINTERS are Menace No. 1. Sand is kicked high as they rush past.

LIFESAVERS need room to work, and gaping bystanders hinder them.

COMPLAINTS about sunburn and glare can make you a misery to all. Go prepared with sunglasses, shady hat, or anti-burn lotion, and don't bake for long periods at first

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Well groomed hands are as important to a woman's glamor as her clothes. Tip yours with glowing color from the lovely Gaze range. From youthful pinks to exotic reds you'll find a sparkling Gaze color to highlight every outfit, night and day.

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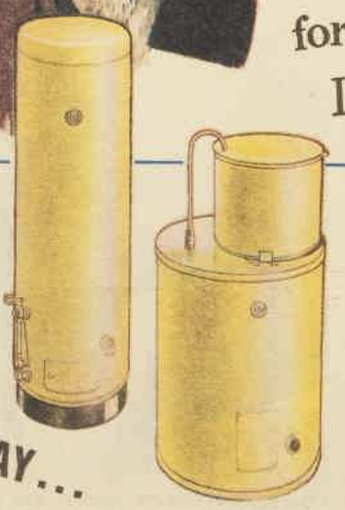

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Melbourne ready for brilliant Cup Carnival

PROCTOR, popular fancy for the Cup, gets a pat from his jockey, W. Briscoe, after an early morning gallop at Flemington.

DISCUSSING PROSPECTS of their betters, two-year-olds Marinda (left) and Marie Ann are in confidential mood after early morning track trials at Flemington. With other two-year-olds they make their racing debut at this year's Cup Carnival.

HAT STYLES for Cup festivities worn by well-known girls at a parade at Thomas Harrison's Salon in aid of Queen Victoria Hospital. Left to right: Mrs. Elizabeth Draffin, Mrs. Jim Buchanan, Miss Anne Ricketson, and Miss Angela Cass.

KEEPER OF THE CUP. Mr. William Findlow shows it to Rae Bendle, fellow employee in big city jewellers, where the Cup is kept in the strongroom.

All accommodation booked out within twenty-mile radius

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

To put your finger right on Melbourne's pulse as it quickens toward another great Cup Week you have to get up at five o'clock in the morning and go out to Flemington Racecourse.

There you will find red and gold rosebuds pruned for split-second Cup blooming making a background to the aristocratic horses as they mince along the tan.

STABLE boys and apprentices whistle and hum softly as the silent, poker-faced jockeys take over their mounts.

The older horses adopt an air of studied indifference, wondering whether it is to be a day of work or rest.

Horses generally sense the day they are going to race, according to former Irish steeplechase jockey W. Stephenson, who has come from Sydney for the Cup Carnival as a member of well-known Sydney trainer E. McMenamin's stables.

"When a horse has sprinted a furlong he knows it's his day for work," he expounded. "Some are very temperamental. They will not eat much breakfast and get very toey."

But this is not so with popular Cup fancy Proctor, according to his trainer. You will see Proctor move back with quick, dignified strides to his stall after exercising, quite unconcerned, vain of his strength and sharpening his teeth by biting the stall railings as he is groomed.

Immediately across from him are the "babies," the two-year-olds who make their racing debut during the Spring Carnival. They look rather wide-eyed and apprehensive.

By 8 a.m. the tracks are deserted again.

Back in town you find florists hurrying to fill Cup Carnival party orders, especially with the just-in delicately perfumed lily-of-the-valley, always Melbourne's floral emblem at Cup time.

Visitors are pouring into the city and spilling out again as far as 20 miles from town, filling boarding-houses and hotels to capacity.

They are coming from all parts of the Commonwealth.

Telegraph boys are rushing into hotels with pleas from hopefuls still seeking last-minute accommodation through possible cancellations.

At the G.P.O., an additional staff of telephonists is coping with extra calls. There are 500 extra a day at Central alone.

When first acceptances closed with 170 entries, 18 of them represented horses entered by women, full and part owners. Final Cup acceptances close this Thursday.

At Victoria Racing Club offices in Bourke Street, officials are working like beavers with the enormous behind-the-scenes organisation.

In the quiet, dignified atmosphere of an old-established city jewellers is the famous Cup itself, smugly reposing under the watchful eye of Mr. William Findlow, who has taken over custodian duties from Mr. William Maughan, keeper of Melbourne Cups for over two decades. This year Mr. Maughan fills the role of official timekeeper to the V.R.C.

Seeing the Cup will be a new experience for Mr. Maughan. He says that in the past, after taking the Cup out to the course in an escorted car on the morning of the race and looking after it until the presentation, he has always been too tired to do anything but sit down and listen to the thunder of hoofs as the horses race to the finish.

Least concerned about naming the winner of the Cup is Mr. George Reynolds, City Government Office clerk, who claims that for the past five years he has been able to select the winner by his interpretation of symbolic dreams.

His fellow workers declare he is "uncanny" and are on edge waiting for his dream this year.

He is in great form at the moment. A few weeks ago he dreamt he saw an old Melbourne cable tram laden with newspapers. Three days later Cable News won at Bendigo.

His Cup successes started in 1943, when Colonus won after Mr. Reynolds dreamt that he had shaken hands with comedian Jerry Colonna. In 1943 he picked Dark Felt because of jockey's colors after a vivid dream about a girl wearing a pink and black frock.

In 1945, travelling up and down in a lift which stopped consistently at the fourth floor inspired him to choose Rainbird for the Cup because of the horse's fourth position at the barrier.

Several months before the Cup last year he dreamed about Darby Munro, and when Munro was engaged to ride Russia Mr. Reynolds made Russia his Cup bet.

Mr. Reynolds only exploits his dream inspirations by small bets.

He is using his fame as a picker of winners to help raise funds for the Melbourne Children's Hospital. At his office he has a lucky horseshoe, one worn by Russia last year, and fellow workers give a coin to touch it and make a wish.

Although Cup Day will bring its problems for punters, their preoccupation in picking winners is nothing in comparison to the headache the big day presents to caterers.

Calculating how many turkeys they will need is a hazardous job.

For instance, last year a crowd of 93,000 people took the day off to see the Cup. But in 1936 Flemington had to rise to the occasion of having 120,000 mouths to feed.

Hundreds plan to take along their own picnic baskets packed with chicken salads and sparkling hock for alfresco luncheon in cars. Others are planning specially-catered-for luncheon parties on tables under the elms.

FLEMINGTON RACETRACK being regraded and resodded for the Cup Carnival. The photofinish tower can be seen near members' stand.

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Editorial

NOVEMBER 1, 1947

BETTER PAY FOR NURSES

NO industrial award of recent years has been more welcome than that which gives nurses in New South Wales higher salaries and better conditions.

The increases in one State will give a fillip to efforts to obtain advances elsewhere.

The shortage of nurses which makes hospital administration so arduous is not just an Australian bedside crisis. It is a world-wide trouble and one that might have been foreseen.

Forty years ago there was plenty of employment for women, but few of their jobs led to positions of profit and honor.

How different are the prospects of women now!

In commerce, industry, and the professions they have a fair chance of equalling men's achievements and earnings.

Naturally, as these prospects widened the attractions of nursing dwindled. Increases in nurses' pay came slowly. The training remained arduous, disciplined, and cloistered, as against the freer, easier lives of other students.

Over the past few years the situation has become desperate.

Before he made the new award, Mr. Justice Kinsella visited 135 hospitals and 93 training schools, and his judgment detailed instances of deplorable living conditions.

"Only a strong sense of duty to the patients could have retained the nurses in the service of some hospitals," he said.

That isn't good enough. Pay and conditions of nurses must continue to be improved until the nursing profession offers to able, intelligent women rewards adequate to the responsibility and importance of their work.

SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: *Our artist calls on any Australian office on the afternoon of the first Tuesday in November.*

It seems to me...

BY

Dorothy Drain

AT this moment I am engaged in choosing an outsider to back for the Melbourne Cup.

I would dearly love to say what it is, since, if it won, I would gain a considerable reputation as a clairvoyant (my only basis for race tipping), and if it didn't, which is more likely, I could excuse myself by saying that no sensible person should have paid any attention in the first place.

What deters me is that the thing may be scratched before the race, and then the whole prophecy would fall extremely flat.

Naturally I'm looking for something round 100 to 1, though 50 to 1 would do. You don't get much for five shillings if the favorite wins. By which you will gather that I am not a gambler.

There is a section of opinion which holds that any risking of money, be it sixpence in a raffle, is gambling. But your real gambler, to me, is one who will risk the rent money

* * *

BERNBOROUGH, now in America, will be a father come January.

How touching are parental joys!
Pink for girls and blue for boys—
And which would Bernborough rather?
His owner, we would lay our bets,
Just stakes his hope the little pet's
The image of his father.

* * *

ONE of the less attractive developments in the language in recent years has been the growth of initial names of organisations—Uno, Unesco, Unrra, and so on.

I'd guess that half the adult population, while they may know the general purposes of those organisations, couldn't say offhand what the initials stand for. (I always have *to* look up Unesco myself—it's mentioned in another par on this page.)

American usage of the terms is particularly maddening, because their periodicals hardly ever bother to give the name in full. You can read a whole article in an American magazine about O.P.A without learning, except by inference, that it stands for Office of Price Administration.

Where all this is getting to, in case you're wondering, is the fact that I've just received a little pamphlet about "Pep Publications."

I expected this to deal with books such as "How To Win Friends And Influence People," or patent medicines. But no. P.E.P. stands for Political and Economical Planning. A misleading and undignified abbreviation, I think.

I WAS interested in a report of a discussion on juvenile delinquency at the recent Federal Conference of the Legion of Catholic Women.

Two speakers with social welfare experience were quoted as saying that the idea that modern films, radio, and books were a large factor in juvenile delinquency was a popular fallacy.

I've always thought many people placed undue stress on the bad influence of poor films, but am glad to have the opinion borne out by experts on delinquency.

Now ar. then you read cases of children before the Children's Court ho got the idea of some misdemeanor from a film. What the casual reader forgets is that thousands of children saw the same film and were not inspired to embark on a career of breaking and entering.

While some films are tasteless and tawdry, most endeavor to show right as triumphant—sometimes, unfortunately, at the expense of either reality or art.

As for evil, violence, and bloodshed, you can't blame films, radio, or modern books for introducing those notions. The classics abound with them. And so does life.

* * *

WHILE the country's attention has been focused on national monetary affairs domestic finances were the subject of a long discussion in N.S.W. Labor Caucus.

They were arguing the proposed amendment to the Married Women's Property Act to give wives the right to retain savings from housekeeping money. Eventually they decided wives and husbands should have equal shares.

While believing that these domestic arrangements aren't easy subjects for legislation, I think it's a fairly good solution. It will at least remove the unpleasant possibility of (a) husband chiselling housekeeping allowance to lowest point, or (b) wife starving husband in order to fill her moneybox.

* * *

FROM a Sydney afternoon paper: "Staff of the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organisation in Paris will be *blown* to Mexico at the end of October . . ."

Oh, dear, I do hope not!

* * *

A MEMBER of the Indian cricket team who is very fond of dancing tells us that the favorite tune in India at the moment is "Open the Door, Richard."

It's wonderful the way our Western culture spreads

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

Interesting People

MISS WINNIE SEYMOUR

. . . mobile archery range

BOWS AND ARROWS are used by Miss Winnie Seymour, a Queenslander, in her shooting gallery instead of the more usual rifles. She has the gallery on wheels, and has taken it to agricultural shows all over Australia from Brisbane to Perth with her sister Madge and 70-year-old mother, Mrs. Ada Seymour. "We love archery and travel, so this gives us both," she says. Before the war they ran a dance band, covering a 600-mile area.

MR. VYVYAN HOLLAND

. . . son of Oscar Wilde

ONLY surviving son of playwright Oscar Wilde, Vyvyan Holland is making a study of Australian wines during visit here. He is a distinguished French scholar and translator, has had considerable journalistic experience and is writing articles on Australia for overseas papers. During war he broadcast for B.B.C. to European resistance groups. Hobby is collecting. Has unique collection of Tibetan gilt, bronze idols.

MISS CATHERINE GASKIN

. . . makes early start

SECOND book by 18-year-old Sydney author Catherine Gaskin, "With Every Year," is being published here, while her first book, "This Other Eden," in fifth edition here, is making its first English appearance. Petite, blue-eyed Catherine has set second book in Ireland, where she was born and which she plans to visit next year. She starts writing at 4 a.m. each day, works steadily until breakfast. Is fond of classical music, films, swimming.

Stroke grey streaks away with Hillcastle Hair Pencil — 7 colours — long lasting. All chemists, hairdressers, and stores.

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Wedding of Governor's daughter recalls past

She is second Vice-Regal bride in history of Government House

News that Marjorie Northcott, elder daughter of the Governor of New South Wales, Lieut.-General John Northcott, and Mrs. Northcott, will marry Major Donald Coburn, R.E.M.E., B.C.O.F., on November 5 has revived memories for a little old lady in England who was the first daughter of a Governor to be married from Government House, Sydney.

Fifty years ago the then Governor of New South Wales, Viscount Hampden, invited guests to be present at the marriage of his daughter, the Honorable Margaret Brand, to his handsome A.D.C., Captain Algernon Ferguson.

MISS MARJORIE NORTHCOTT, daughter of the Governor, Lieut.-General Northcott, and Mrs. Northcott, and her fiance, Major Donald Coburn, R.E.M.E., B.C.O.F.—Norton Trevaire picture.

INVITATIONS issued from Government House for the wedding on April 21, 1897, differed little from those sent out by General and Mrs. Northcott recently.

This is only the second time the daughter of a Governor has been married during her parents' term of office.

The Honorable Margaret Brand's wedding took place at St. Andrew's Cathedral and was followed by a reception at Government House.

Miss Northcott will also be married at St. Andrew's, with a reception at Government House.

The Honorable Margaret Brand's husband was an Englishman, as is Major Coburn. Captain Ferguson's mother, Lady Astley Cooper, came to Australia for the wedding.

Major Coburn's mother, Mrs. E. R. Coburn, recently arrived by flying-boat to see her son married.

A lustrous white satin frock flaring from her wasp waist, billowing round her shoulders, and a long lace veil were worn by the Honorable Margaret Brand. Her bridesmaids fluttered by in yards and yards of befrilled yellow marquisette.

When the news of the approaching marriage of Miss Northcott and Major Coburn was announced following a romance which began when they met in Japan, our London representative, Miss Anne Matheson, interviewed the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson.

She is still living in a centuries-old house in Polbrook, where she was taken as a bride. Her husband died during the war years in 1943.

The Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, who has an album of fading photographs and yellowing clippings, is white-haired now, and smiles a little sadly as visitors read the exuberant articles.

Having looked through the faded newspaper pieces and photos Anne Matheson writes that long before the actual day of the wedding Sydney's scribes had run out of adjectives.

Page after page about the wedding appeared in print.

Folded in the album, they show the work of earnest photographers with ungainly cameras, and include even pictures of bridesmaids' hats set on a table, looking like overiced cakes on fluted plates.

Photographers won the battle from the scribes in the end, for from them came the glossy cabinet photographs of the bridegroom in Guards uniform, high shining boots, frogged tunic, holding his helmet and standing beside his slim bride.

"Fancy wearing all that on a hot day!" is the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson's comment now.

The sun is pouring down on heavy uniforms and yards of trailing muslin and silk. After all these years there is a shimmer of heat over the picture.

The temperature was 100 degrees in the shade, yet the Australian Light Horsemen, in heavy green jackets, breeches and high boots, lined the cathedral aisle under fern fronds that towered from every pew, and, according to the pen pictures, never so much as glanced sideways at the bridesmaids or at the Bishop of Bathurst, who performed the ceremony.

All Sydney turned out in full force and in full regalia to stand for hours under the merciless sun to see Lord Hampden's daughter drive in her open carriage with four horses and postilions to and from her wedding.

Sydney, via its newspapers, had approved of the romance from the start. Gossip writers told their readers that Captain Ferguson, A.D.C., had fallen in love with the Governor's daughter when he had seen her riding during a visit to Lord and Lady Brassey at Government House, Melbourne.

"I sent to England for part of my trousseau and my wedding gown," the white-haired Hon. Mrs. Ferguson told Anne Matheson.

"It was rather terrible not to have even tried on my wedding dress," she added a little ruefully.

Captain Ferguson's mother, Lady Astley Cooper, who was blind, wrote an alphabetical jingle about the wedding, her fingers picking out the words on a typewriter: "'K' is for kindness Sydney displayed. 'P' for the pockets that swallowed the cake."

"Just look at us," said the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson as she produced a picture taken with her husband after the marriage.

"Algernon wasn't a bit like that. He was full of fun and loved life and parties.

"The party I remember best was at the Zoo. He was very interested in animals and he thought he was most original and quite a fella when he threw a big party there.

"But he also loved children, and another party I remember was for the poor children."

Tenants' celebration

ONE party no one in Sydney—rich or poor—attended. That was the tea given to celebrate the wedding in the English village of Polbrook, where the bridegroom's family's home had been for generations.

Here he was the Squire, and villagers gathered to do him and his bride homage on the day of their wedding.

They heard all about the party when they returned, and laughed about one old villager who was bedridden, but insisted on being taken to the Hall in a wheelbarrow.

She was placed near the tea-table in her quaint transport, and the whole village was scandalised beyond words because she was said to have had fourteen cups of tea due to this strategic placing.

The second bride to be married from Government House was Bethia Anderson, daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. A. T. Anderson.

She married Lieut. Thomas H. Brudenell ("Alan") Foott (now Colonel retired), Australian Staff Corps, at St. James' Church, King Street, on May 27, 1931.

Her father, General Anderson, was then private secretary to the Governor, Sir Philip Game. Sir Philip and Lady Game invited General and Lady Anderson to hold the reception after their daughter's wedding at Government House.

Color scheme for the wedding was almost the same as that of the Honorable Margaret Brand.

Bethia Anderson wore off-white and gold lame, and her retinue of eight bridesmaids wore frocks in shades ranging from apricot to pale yellow.

Bride-to-be Marjorie Northcott has chosen blue and white for her wedding. She will wear a glorious silver-and-white lame designed with a tiny blue flower combined with white chiffon for her bridal gown.

The lame which will be used in the bodice of the frock came from India.

Before Mrs. Coburn knew she was coming to Australia to attend the wedding of her son with Miss Northcott she sent her future daughter-in-law a family veil of honiton lace. Miss Northcott will wear the veil mounted on white tulle.

The bridesmaids, her sister Elizabeth, Miss Sheila Graham, and Miss Sheila Collett, will wear pale blue marquisette.

Major Coburn, who is the only son of the late Mr. S. T. Coburn and of Mrs. Coburn, of Hatch End, Middlesex, England, will be attended by A.D.C. to the Governor, Flight-Lieut. Russell Nash, R.A.A.F., Hon. A.D.C. Ben Arnott, and Engineer-Lieut. Harry Bodman, R.A.N., of H.M.A.S. Hobart. Engineer-Lieut. Bodman and Major Coburn met while serving in Japan.

THE HON. MARGARET BRAND, photographed with her husband, then Lieutenant Algernon Francis Holford Ferguson.

RECEPTION at Government House after the wedding of Miss Bethia Anderson and Lieut. "Alan" Foott on May 27, 1931.

SOME OF THE GUESTS at reception after wedding in 1897 of the Hon. Margaret Brand, daughter of Lord and Lady Hampden, with Lieut. Algernon Ferguson.—Picture lent by Norton Trevaire.

KLIPPER PURE WOOL TIES and Dressing Gowns are Now Obtainable from all Stores and Mercers throughout Australia.

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"A Godsend to us" . . . bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what **a godsend they have been to us.** My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and **was in bed for nearly a year.** I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS *come from all corners of the Empire*

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the **cause** of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.

Pressure on back indicates area affected by germs and poisons, causing backache.

Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints.

In such cases as these Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

EXCITING days are ahead for most Scorpions, Cancerians, and Pisceans now, with emphasis on new enterprises, journeys, and romance.

They are advised to work hard, but Taurians, Leonians and Aquarians should live quietly, and avoid changes and discord.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other Rules as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Recent difficulties improve slightly now, but routine still advised. Oct. 28 (after 3 p.m.) and 29 (to 2 p.m.) both mildly helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Dodge quarrels and rashness now, especially on Oct. 29 (late), 30, and 31. Routine tasks advised.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep to unimportant matters now, but plan for better weeks ahead. Nov. 1 (midday and dusk) and 2 (to 7 p.m.) both fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Keep busy now, and seek progress and gains. Oct. 28 and 29 poor, but 31 (after midday) good, and Nov. 3 (to 11 p.m.) excellent.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Difficulties likely this week to be cautious, especially on Oct. 28 (evening), 30, and 31 (to midday). Routine proves best.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): An uncentral week. Oct. 30 (midday hours) and 31 (after 1 p.m.) can be modestly helpful if used wisely.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Be cautious on Oct. 28 and 29, but 31 (after midday), Nov. 1 (except dusk) and 2 all quite fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A fortunate week, but guard against rashness. Best gains on Oct. 28 (after 3 p.m.), 29 (to 3 p.m.), and Nov. 3 (to 10 p.m.).

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Oct. 28 (after 3 p.m.), 29 (to 2 p.m.), and 31 (after 2 p.m.) fair for modest progress. Nov. 1 and 3 poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Live quietly on Oct. 28 and 29 (to dusk). Oct. 29 (midday) fair, 31 (after midday) good. Rest of week tricky.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Difficulties likely this week, especially on Oct. 30 (late), 30, and 31. Nov. 1 (near dusk) and 2 also poor.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Seek gains, romance, and happiness now. Oct. 31 (after midday) good. Nov. 1 and 2 poor. 3 (to 9 p.m.) very good.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

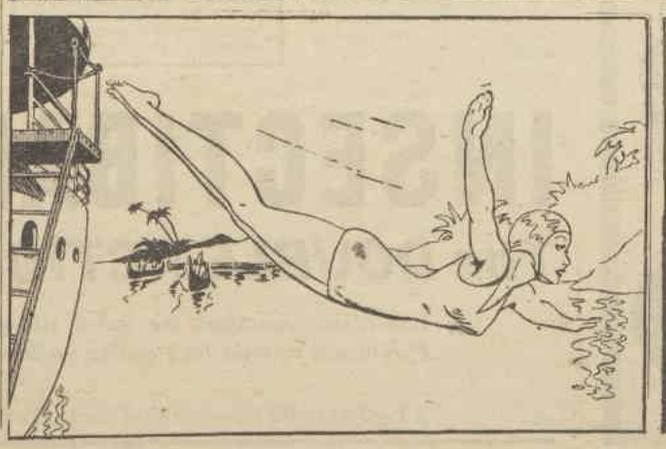
"If you're going to work for me, Johnson, you'll need a hammer."

Your Coupons

TEA: 37-48 (27-48 expire Nov. 9).
BUTTER: 34-36 (expire Nov. 9, when 37-39 become available).
MEAT: Black, 78-84 (expire Nov. 9); green, 88-95 (expire Nov. 9).
CLOTHING: 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of the rare flame-colored pearls. His daughter
BETTY: Is also on board the yacht Argos. The four land on a magnetic island, where
KING CY: Escaped convict, captures them, but is finally outwitted. At a tropical port he is handed over to police, and the Argos drops anchor in the harbor. The yacht is visited by natives eager to trade, and around the neck of the fat island chief Colonel Barton sees a gleaming flame pearl. Excitedly he asks where it was found. NOW READ ON:



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DOUBLE ACTION INSECTIBANE

KILLS MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN EVER

WHY INSECTIBANE KILLS QUICKLY

Many insecticides on the market today are based on D.D.T. alone. D.D.T. is a quite effective but slow-acting killer of insect pests. The makers of Insectibane, who have had nearly 60 years experience of insecticide manufacture, are convinced by past experience and by recent tests that Pyrethrum gives the quick results most people require. No pest can withstand its deadly action. D.D.T. has been added to Insectibane to provide a longer-lasting effect.

Insectibane not only kills flies, fleas, bugs and other pests instantly, but keeps your home clean and free from insects for months on end

INSECTIBANE POWDER is now available everywhere in Australia. Owing to war shortages and service demands, it has been in short supply for some time. Full supplies, however, are now available and Insectibane comes back to you with its well-known sudden killing power, plus the addition of D.D.T., the latest, but slower-acting, insect killer. You can use Insectibane everywhere with safety — neither children nor pets can be harmed by its presence if it is kept away from food. Get ready for summer pests today — buy a tin of Insectibane Powder now.

RID YOUR HOME OF FLIES WITH INSECTIBANE

Since the life cycle of the house fly is approximately three weeks, it is best to use Insectibane throughout your house at least once every three weeks. To get best results, dust Insectibane Powder around windows and in places where they collect. If you adopt this regular practice during the summer, you will find your house completely rid of dangerous flies.

End the Cockroach Curse with Insectibane Powder

Cockroaches cause a lot of people trouble, infesting kitchens, bathrooms, cupboards and dark corners wherever there are sinks and pipes. To rid your house of these foul-smelling pests, dust liberally with Insectibane wherever they exist and you'll find that its quick-killing action will soon rid you of cockroaches.

Keep your house free from Fleas and Bugs with Insectibane

Use Insectibane Powder to rid your home of these troublesome pests. Fleas are usually spread by dogs and cats and are prevalent at certain times of the year, particularly in sandy districts. To rid your house of fleas, thoroughly dust all cracks and corners of the room, particularly the floor and carpet area, with Insectibane Powder. To eliminate bugs, a similar process is necessary, but pay particular attention to cracks and crevices in walls.

Keep your Pets and Poultry Free from Fleas

By a regular application of Insectibane Powder, you can effectively rid cats and dogs of irritating fleas, and, at the same time, prevent fleas from being brought into the house by your pets. Use Insectibane Powder also in the dog kennel — or wherever your pet usually sleeps. To keep poultry houses thoroughly free from insects, dust freely with Insectibane Powder, paying particular attention to corners.

Moths, Silverfish and Carpet Beetles Banished

Destroy these pests before they destroy your clothes and carpets. Wherever you find silverfish, moths or carpet beetles have created damage, dust freely with Insectibane Powder in cupboards, drawers, skirting boards and on carpets, etc. Insectibane does not stain or harm clothes or fabrics in any way.

Make a practice of dusting with Insectibane regularly every few weeks, and you will have permanent protection from these fabric-destroying pests.

INSECTIBANE POWDER

Sold everywhere in 2 oz. tins made with perforated shaker tops. Use Insectibane Powder to rid your home of

Flies, Fleas, Bugs, Moths, Silverfish, Carpet Beetles, Cockroaches and for dusting on your pets and poultry.

INSECTIBANE

The DOUBLE ACTION KILLER

★ *Insectibane combines the quick killing action of Pyrethrum with the long-lasting qualities of D.D.T.*

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Just The Man For Her

EARLY the next morning, Dorothy heard somebody moving outside in the hall. Her watch said it was six o'clock, and even Althea did not get up so early. Perhaps someone was ill, she thought, and immediately slipped on her slippers and dressing-gown.

The hall was empty when she opened her door, but she heard the noises again, right down the hall. She followed them, moving very quietly, until she reached the kitchen. Cautiously—by now she had begun to think of burglars — she pushed the door open, and then forgot her caution in a gasp of astonishment.

Robey Carmington, in slippers and a dressing-gown, was standing in front of the open refrigerator, half a pie in one hand and a bottle of milk in the other. He whirled when he saw her, and almost dropped everything. His face was bright scarlet with embarrassment.

"I c-couldn't sleep," he explained. "I k-kept thinking about this pie."

Dorothy went all the way into the kitchen, shutting the door behind her. "You mean, it gave you indigestion?" she asked solicitously.

He looked shocked. "Oh, n-no! I just kept thinking about it, and I got hungrier and hungrier."

She grinned. Hunger was something she understood.

"Sit down and start eating," she said. "I'll make some coffee. I could use a cup myself."

He did, and she was pleased to see him finish what was left of the pie before the coffee was ready; if there was one thing she liked, it was a good appetite. He was, she decided, one of those thin people who could really eat.

She also noticed that, in addition to the three tufts, he had a large cowlick which showed up now that it wasn't plastered down with water.

"You must have an awfully g-good cook," he said.

She answered him absently; she was absorbed by the cowlick. "The pie? I made that."

She found him looking at her with astonishment. He was not wearing his glasses, and without them the grey eyes looked somehow innocent and very young.

"I d-didn't know girls d-did things like that any more," he said. "Does your sister c-cook, too?"

Dorothy was shocked; Althea in a kitchen would be as unsuitable as Pegasus in front of an ice-waggon.

"Oh, no!" she said. "She's much too brilliant for this kind of thing! She's terribly brilliant, isn't she?"

For a second she thought there was an odd look in his eyes, and then decided she had imagined it.

"Very," he agreed.

"And beautiful, too," she prodded. "It's not often you find a girl as lovely as Althea who has brains."

"I imagine the p-percentage must be quite low," he said. "L-look, this coffee—my grandmother used to make coffee that t-tasted like this, but I haven't been able to find any since she d-died. How d-do you make it?"

She told him, and one thing led to another, so that by the time they had had three cups they had also learned the stories of each other's lives.

Dorothy was enthralled to learn that, like herself, he could only remember one parent. She herself had managed to grow up quite happily and normally without a mother, but she thought of Robey as a poor orphan without anyone to love him.

Of course, his grandmother had been a good substitute, but now she was gone, too, and it made the whole situation only the more pathetic. The fact that he seemed to be bearing up under his misfortunes only went to show what a fine character he was, and how brave.

They were still talking at seven-thirty when Althea walked into the kitchen. She was dressed to go out, and her face, when she saw them, was first, shocked, and then intensely disapproving.

"Dorothy!" she said, when she could say anything. "Dear child!" She turned to Robey. "I hope you don't misunderstand my little sister. Her unconventionality is—well, it's just absent-mindedness."

Robey started to say something, but he stammered so badly that Dorothy cut in on him out of pity.

"We had a cup of coffee together and we started talking. That was all."

Althea laughed.

"Poor Robey!" she said. "I bet you know how to cook by now!" She glanced at her watch. "I'll have a cup of coffee and then I must run. Robey, meet me at my office at ten and I'll just have time to show you how our outfit works. I think you'll find it interesting."

Dorothy poured her sister a cup of coffee and then slipped out of the kichen, leaving Robey staring with his wide, innocent eyes at Althea, who was telling him about her work. Dorothy felt humiliated, not so much by anything Althea had said as by her own guilty conscience.

She had no business entertaining her sister's man in the kitchen before breakfast. And she certainly had no business thinking of him as the nicest man she had ever met.

To punish herself she stayed in her room, pleading a headache, until, through the blinds, she saw Robey leaving the house in a taxi. Then she went downstairs, to find her father still at home and looking gloomy.

"Young fellow just left," he said. "Said he was sorry about your headache."

"I'm sorry, too," Dorothy said miserably.

There was silence for a moment before her father gave a gusty sigh. "She must have him hooked," he said. "He's coming here next week-end."

Continued from page 5

Dorothy's heart, instead of rising, sank. "That's nice!" she said briskly.

Her father looked at her for a long minute, his brows drawn hard across his eyes. But, when he spoke, all he said was: "Isn't it, though?"

Robey was back at the week-end, and a couple of week-ends after that, but Dorothy had no chance to speak to him alone during any of them. Her sister Althea kept a monopoly of the conversation, and the talk was always above Dorothy's head.

Dorothy had never worried before about talk being above her head. She was glad that Althea had fallen in love at last. She hoped, even, that Robey was as much in love as he seemed to be. After all, that was what she and her father wanted, wasn't it? Somebody had to take her sister's mind off that election, and save her father.

Nevertheless, she was very unhappy. For one thing, she kept thinking about that cowlick and those three tufts; they seemed so helpless, somehow, and she knew Althea had her eye on them.

On the afternoon of Robey's fourth week-end arrival, Dorothy was in the kitchen again. She was making mayonnaise, and she was flushed and a little breathless, with her fine hair flying.

"D-Dorothy!" a voice said behind her.

Whirling around with the egg-beater in one hand and a bottle of oil in the other, she saw Robey looking solemn and rather stern in his glasses. She watched, fascinated and a little scared, while he took the oil, the egg-beater, and his own glasses, and put them on the table.

Then, without any further warning, he took her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom in a businesslike fashion.

"I've been trying to do this for weeks," he said.

Dorothy gasped and waved weakly toward the mayonnaise. "It will curdle," she said weakly. "You know—separate."

He kissed her and, for a moment, she felt herself surrendering to him like one of the eggs to the egg-beater. She thought of the three tufts, and the cowlick. And then she thought of Althea.

She pushed him away with as much firmness as she could summon. She even succeeded in laughing, though the laughter sounded shaky in her own ears.

"Kissing the cook?" she asked.

He blinked and then picked up his glasses and waved them at her. "Can you suggest anyone better to kiss?" he demanded.

"There's always your girl," she said.

There was a long moment of silence, and when he finally spoke the stammer was back in his voice.

"I—I was hoping m-maybe you were g-going to be my girl," he said.

SHE did not quite grasp it for a little while, and when she did there was such a mixture of sudden emotions—hope and despair, elation and anger—within her that she stood quite still for a second. The anger won. She turned to him, blinking her eyes to keep back the tears.

"You wolf!" she said. "Playing up to Althea all this time, then making love to me behind her back! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Robey waved his glasses so hard that he dropped them in the sink, where they broke. Neither of them noticed the splintering.

"Of c-course I was p-playing up to her!" he said. "S-she's s-sort of l-like a mother to you, isn't s-she? People always play up to people's mothers!"

Dorothy stared at him in dismay, and then she started laughing. It only took about a minute for the laughter to change into jears, and by that time his arms were around her, as tightly as possible.

"You're crazy!" she sobbed. "You're a fool! Althea doesn't feel like that at all. She thinks you're in love with her. So did I. So does everyone else!"

He pushed her a little away from him so that he could look down at her, his face horror-stricken.

"With Althea?" he demanded. "Are you crazy?"

"Althea's a lovely girl!" Her voice would have been colder if it hadn't had hiccups.

"I know she is," he said impatiently. "But I don't want a lovely girl. I want you."

Dorothy wa horrified, less at his statement than at her own reaction to it. He was a snake in the grass, no doubt, but she felt an unaccountable desire to pet snakes.

She took herself in hand. "You've been playing up to Althea for three weeks," she said. "You simply can't disappoint her now. Do you want Daddy to get elected mayor?"

"Obviously, he doesn't give a hoot about that," a new voice said. "The man's a cad; thinks of nothing but his own selfish pleasures."

They whirled, to find Mr. Atwaller lounging against the door-jamb. His voice sounded gloomy, but he was grinning all over his face.

Dorothy was outraged. "Daddy, you don't understand! Robey just——"

He waved a negligent hand. "Yes, I do. Robey just kissed you. You both look it. Just take a look at the poor fellow!"

Robey was searching the table and the floor frantically, his face crimson, and Dorothy realised that he was looking for his glasses. She saw what was left of them.

"Oh, darling," she said. "I'm sorry! Here they are. They're all broken."

"So that' what happened to them, Mr Atwaller, I want to marry your daughter."

Mr. Atwaller grinned. "That's quite all right, Robey. Go ahead."

Althea chose that moment to push open the door, almost knocking her father off his feet.

Dorothy felt her heart sink and her knees grow weak. She could think of nothing at all to say.

Mr Atwaller said cheerily, "Ah, Althea, you're just in time to offer congratulations."

"Well, it's about time!" she said. "The first time I saw Robey I knew he was just the man for you, Dorothy, but you wouldn't put any effort into attracting him. Look at you now — not dressed up or anything! I'd almost given up trying; I simply couldn't have wasted another week-end on it."

She swept across the room and kissed Dorothy and Robey very firmly on the cheeks.

"We'll have the wedding in October," Althea told them. "No, September. That will get it over before the pre-election rush. That doesn't leave us mucl. time, and I'll have to start things moving."

She smiled at them kindly and swept from the room.

Again, it was Mr. Atwaller who recovered himself first. He sighed deeply.

"I'll just have to sell this place and move," he said philosophically. "There's more than one way not to be elected mayor."

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Philip expected to become Duke

By CYRIL F. J. HANKINSON, Editor of Debrett

Authorities in London are continuing to speculate as to the title that will be conferred upon Philip Mountbatten, but no announcement is likely to be made until a few days before the Royal wedding.

At present the dukedom which seems to be most favored is that of Edinburgh.

THIS was last held by Prince Alfred (second son of Queen Victoria), who received it, together with the Earldoms of Ulster and Kent, in 1866. He died in 1900 without leaving a son to succeed him, and his titles therefore became extinct.

Like Philip Mountbatten, he adopted the Navy as a career and rose to be Admiral of the Fleet.

In 1868 the Spanish Government wished to offer him the throne of Spain, but did not proceed in the matter owing to the strong disapproval of Queen Victoria and her Ministers.

It is also not without interest to note that he had been actually elected King of Greece in 1862, but declined the Crown.

Although he had refused this Balkan kingdom, two of his great-grandsons eventually became rulers in the Balkans. This came about by the marriage of his daughter Marie to King Ferdinand of Rumania. One of her grandsons is the present King Michael, and another, through the marriage of her daughter Marie to King Alexander of Yugoslavia, is the ex-King Peter.

Previously the Dukedom of Edinburgh had been conferred upon Frederick Lewis, son of George II, who, in the following year, became Duke of Cornwall on the accession of his father to the throne, and later Prince of Wales.

Afterwards it was bestowed upon his eldest son, George, who subsequently became George III, and then on his third son, William, who was also Duke of Gloucester.

The first dukedom to be conferred on a son of a king, and indeed the first ever of English dukedoms, was that of Cornwall, which was granted by Edward III to his eldest son, the Black Prince, in 1337.

This honor, unlike any other dukedom, or the title of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, passes to the Heir Apparent to the Throne (being the son of a Sovereign) on birth or automatically on his becoming Heir Apparent.

Since there is now no Heir Apparent (Princess Elizabeth being only Heiress Presumptive), the title of Duke of Cornwall has not been used since the accession of Edward VIII to the Throne.

Edward III also conferred the Dukedoms of Clarence, Lancaster, York, and Gloucester on his younger sons, and other dukedoms which have been held by the sons of kings are those of Bedford, Cambridge, Connaught, Cumberland, Kent, Somerset, and Sussex.

As regards Royal peerages of Scottish origin, the first dukedom created was that of Rothesay, which was conferred in 1398 on David, son and Heir Apparent of Robert III, and this title, together with the Earldom of Carrick, the Barony of Renfrew, and the titles of Lord of the Isles and Prince and Lord Steward of Scotland, passes to the Heir Apparent in the same way as the English Dukedom of Cornwall.

Other Scottish dukedoms conferred on the Royal Family are those of Ross, which has not been granted since the Crowns of England and Scotland have been united, and Albany.

The Dukedom of York has been generally, though not always, conferred on the second son of the Sovereign.

Choice of three

IT seems that the choice of a dukedom for Mountbatten is narrowed down to that of Edinburgh, Sussex, and Clarence.

Augustus, the last Duke of Sussex, who was sixth son of George III, died in 1843, when his title became extinct, and there would, therefore, seem to be no objection to this title being re-created.

The last Duke of Clarence (the elder son of King Edward VII) was engaged to Queen Mary and died shortly before the wedding was due to take place.

It may be, however, that all those who have attempted to prophesy Mountbatten's title will prove to be wrong, for it should be remembered that the Royal Dukedoms mentioned have been in almost every case reserved for the sons and grandsons of the Sovereign, and precedent is strong in such matters.

LIEUT. PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN, who is expected to become the Duke of Edinburgh.

Perhaps, as was the case when King Edward VIII abdicated, an entirely new dukedom will be created.

The capital city might even be decided on, as hitherto there has never been a Duke of London.

Little if any mention has been made of the title of Prince for the new Duke, but one imagines that he is likely to be created a Prince of Great Britain, as was Prince Albert on his marriage to Queen Victoria, and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha on his marriage to Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, afterwards King George IV.

If this is not done the Dukedom would be classed as an ordinary one, and Mountbatten would be "His Grace" instead of "His Royal Highness," while his eldest son, instead of being a prince, would be known by whatever secondary title might be created with the dukedom in the same way as the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch is known as the Earl of Dalkeith, and younger sons would be known, for example, as Lord "John" Mountbatten, or, if it is decided that the young couple will continue the surname of Windsor, Lord "John" Windsor.

None of the special Royal titles would belong to the children of Princess Elizabeth until she succeeds to the Throne, when her eldest son would become Duke of Cornwall etc., automatically, and would, no doubt, in due course be created Prince of Wales.

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STUDYING FORM. Captain Frank McCafrey, of Melbourne, and his attractive wife, who before recent marriage was Monica Bourke, of Killara, study form at Caulfield Cup in Melbourne.

LOVELY BRIDE. Mrs. Bryan Meagher leaves St. John's College Chapel, Sydney University, with her husband after their marriage. Bride, formerly Joan Spark, only daughter of the A. G. Sparks, of Double Bay. Bryan is second son of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Meagher, of Temora.

CUP WINNER. Bonnie Dundee, winner at Southern Riverina Picnic Turf Club meeting, with his owner, Mrs. "Mac" Falkiner, Boomoke (left), Mrs. Jack Webb, wife of president of club, and jockey, Mr. Graham, with president, Mr. Jack Webb, at Deniliquin.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Jim Andriesse and his bride, formerly Gwen Ridley, daughter of Mrs. William Ridley, of Bingara, and the late Mr. Ridley, leave St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Couple honeymoon in Melbourne.

Intimate Gettings

INTERSTATE visitors already flocking to Melbourne for Cup Week and all its gaieties. There are heavy plane bookings as well as train and those who have sufficient petrol will take their cars over. The battle of the hemline will soon be on, and it will be interesting to see the outcome.

Leaving here on Thursday are Mr. and Mrs. John Colless and Mrs. Colless' sister, Eloise Sevier, who is visiting Melbourne and the Cup for first time. They will stay with Julietta and Eloise's adopted brother, Frank Wilson, and his wife Bibs, for week of festivities, and will drive back to Sydney. It will be double celebration for the Clive Carneys, of Rose Bay, who will enjoy the race meetings and will then welcome their son Cleve, who returns to Australia in second week of November after trip to South Africa, Marseilles, Calais, London, and Hongkong. Cleve's ship will berth in Melbourne, so the Carneys will remain until Cleve's arrival.

My newshound also tells me Sydney visitors to Melbourne will include the Alan Potters, the Bill Doveys, the Pat Osbornes, Norman Hills, and the Denis Allens.

AT GARDEN PARTY. Cardinal Gilroy chats with president of State Legion of Catholic Women, Mrs. G. S. Mackinnon, at garden party at Cardinal's Palace, Manly, during conference in Sydney of Legion of Catholic Women.

PLANNING FETE. Mrs. P. B. Lawrance (left), Mrs. Jean Marrage-Walker, Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, and Mrs. George Pratten meet at Pickwick Club to make final plans for Karitane Fete to be held at Pymble Park this Saturday. Proceeds for building of proposed mother-craft home.

SANDWICHING in trip to Sydney between Caulfield and Melbourne Cups are Lady Dunwich and daughters Hon. Marye and Hon. Penelope Rous, who stay at Wentworth Hotel. On Saturday, November 8, Viscount and Viscountess Dunwich are joining forces with Major and Mrs. George Maxwell, when race visitors to town will be entertained at cocktail party at the Maxwells' Melbourne home.

Lady Dunwich and her daughters will hostess another late afternoon party on November 14, in Melbourne, to say farewell to friends before returning home to England in Orion.

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ALSO attending the Melbourne Cup this year will be Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Holland, recent arrivals in Australia from England. Mrs. Holland, who was formerly Thelma Besant, of Melbourne, is beauty consultant to Princess Elizabeth. She and her husband, who is the son of the late Oscar Wilde, are visiting Australia on a business trip with their 20-months-old son Christopher Merlin.

First week-end in Sydney was spent amusing Christopher. A visit to the Zoo was a great success. "In fact," said Thelma, "I don't know who enjoyed it most, Vyvyan or Christopher." Neilsen Park, where Christopher took to the sea in great form, was the next outing.

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THEY'RE announcing their engagements . . . Beatrice Reid, second daughter of the J. O. Reids, of Grafton, announces engagement to Frank McLachlan, only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. McLachlan, of Grafton. Beatrice is old girl of N.E.G.G.S. . . . Audrey Fowles, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Fowles, of Artarmon, announces engagement to Jack Allen, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Allen, of Bellevue Hill.

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"HOORAY! I'll be home for Christmas," says Gladys Moncrieff in letter received this week. Gladys, who has interesting trip on Continent visiting Paris, Switzerland, and Milan, where she attended La Scala opera, left London in Stratheden in early October and arrives here on November 7.

BRIEFLY: Lovely Mrs. Cheng looks charming with single cyclamen peony in her hair when she attends China's National Day party at Gloucester, Canberra. Mrs. Cheng wears national frock of silver brocade and jade jewellery at party when she presses guests to dim sims and savory rolls specially flown from Melbourne for party . . . Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Manley return to Sydney in Orion after wonderful trip abroad. In Washington the Manleys caught up with Mrs. Wilson Flake and lunched with Mrs. John Chapman and Betty . . . Stephanie Edye's letters to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ben Edye, still tell of delights of recent trip to Spain. Stephanie has been more than twelve months in England studying. While in Spain she was guest of Senor and Senora de Baeza, former Consul for Spain in Sydney . . . Young bride and bridegroom, Virginia and Peter Hellstrom, honeymoon at Lapstone Hotel after recent marriage at St. Alban's Church, Lindfield.

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NEWLYWEDS James and Audrey McGown return from honeymooning at Bathurst and Orange to be godfather and godmother respectively to Audrey's nephew, Colin Sidney Gilder, at St. John's, Gordon. Colin is baby son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Gilder, of Gordon.

Another interesting christening when the Persse Rainsfords have their baby daughter, Elizabeth, christened at St. Barnabas' Church, Roseville. Mrs. Rainsford was Avonia Lake before her marriage.

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FASHION news at party given at Pickwick Club in honor of Canadian High Commissioner Mr. K. A. Greene, Mrs. Greene, and pretty daughter Patsy. Attractive Helen Watson, of Canadian Film Board, had nice line in swathed pale pink lame hip-length cocktail jacket worn with blue skirt and pink fluted organdie hat sprinkled with silver sequins. Mrs. Van Oosten, wife of Dutch Trade Commissioner, wore smart black-and-white striped hat with upturned brim with her black crepe frock.

Joyce

ENGAGED. Margaret Simson, daughter of the Bob Simsons, of Morduval, Quirindi, and her fiance, John Kelly, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kelly, of Barwidgee, Caramut, Victoria, photographed in Melbourne. Couple will spend Christmas at Morduval.

ENGLISH FILM DIRECTOR Harry Watt (second from left) chats to chef Jay Stanley at luncheon at Rhinecastle Cellars, given to aid Journalists' Benevolent Fund. Mrs. Bill Kendall and Mrs. Harry Watt (right). Harry directing "Eureka Stockade"

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Smile at the Camera

Continued from page 7

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT MOTT looked at the photo in his hand. "Can you give me his address? We got this by post, no covering letter, and this man," tapping the photo with a fat finger, "happens to be wanted at headquarters on a serious charge."

Her hands grasping the collar of her coat crushed into the flowers. The shop reeled crazily. "What . . . charge?" And she leant against the filing cabinet, waiting.

"Robbery and manslaughter, or worse. He's an old friend of ours at headquarters."

The filing cabinet shook and her flap-jack slipped, clattering to the floor. The mirror, a tracery of cracks, glinted up evilly. It was still lying there forgotten, a live knowing thing, when Ben sprinted down the arcade a few minutes later.

He was greeted by darkened windows and an empty milk bottle, outside a closed door. He had never seen such a decidedly, such an unquestionably closed shop. Putting out the milk bottle and struggling with the troublesome door were his jobs. It was humbling to find himself dispensable.

He leant against the door, waiting for her. The caretaker ejected him and closed the arcade at seven-thirty. It began to look as though he had been stood up.

It looked more like it when he rang the guest-house and was told, "Miss Delmere is not at home," by Miss Delmere herself.

He rang again, properly angry, but this time the landlady answered and made it official in a voice like gun fire in a canyon. "Miss Delmere is out!"

Next morning when Jane saw him leaning outside the shop, shoulders hunched about his ears, she retreated back down the arcade.

Ten minutes later he was still there, glowering, and so was a small queue of customers, also glowering. The situation was not improving.

She pushed her way to the door and her voice when she spoke was as haughty as the tilt of her nose. "Please don't speak to me, Mr. Miller!"

Ben thrust a bottle of milk at her. "I'm going to speak to you—plenty." His hands were on his hips, his hat well back on his head; and she was hugging the milk bottle and snapping up at him, "I won't be listening!"

The queue gave them plenty of room.

"Where were you last night?"

"It may interest you to know, these people are waiting for service. Will you please move aside and let me open this shop?"

"No!"

"Move away!"

"No! Not until I've got an explanation." He planted his feet wider and looked about as movable as the Great Pyramid. "And I'm warning you—it'd better be good!"

That did it. From a gaolbird! Her eyes were half closed, cold as shadows on ice, contemptuous, as though he were a slave she was having tossed to the torture chambers—which was about what he felt when she rasped, "Very well, Mr. Miller, here's your explanation: I simply couldn't be bothered keeping our appointment."

An old hag in the queue cheered. "Good for you, luv! That's telling him!"

"Jane . . .!"

"Leave her alone, why don't you?" from his new enemy.

"Yes, you bully!" from a newer one.

"Someone go call a cop!"

He was not making out very well. Withdrawal was indicated. He tried, not successfully, to wither the old hag with a glance, and hoped he broke a few ribs elbowing through the crowd.

He stamped down the arcade, as completely vanquished as Napoleon loping it home through the Russian snow.

Three days later Jane's heart still leapt when the guest-house telephone rang, when she heard a voice like his, deep and laughing. And when a man's shadow slid across the shop floor late one afternoon—a tall man filling the doorway—it jumped convulsively.

She looked up, fearful, yet hoping—hoping, yet scared to hope.

It was Detective-Sergeant Mott.

"I was passing," he beamed, "and I thought I'd stop and say 'Nice work!' We got that criminal all right."

"That's fine," burying her head in a filing cabinet.

"You and Come-Come Snaps can congratulate yourselves on bringing a criminal to justice."

"Oh, we do! We do! Twice a day. It gives us . . . exquisite pleasure!" And her voice broke.

The detective leant an elbow on the counter, settling himself for a long stay.

"Funny thing," he mused. "Funny the way a person in the back of a photo can come out as clear as the person who's really snapped, isn't it?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Yes, that's how it was with the snap I showed you the other day. You see, the police put Bugsie's photograph in the paper as a wanted man. And this fellow, this Ben Miller, recognised him as the intruder horning into his snap, see?"

She was beginning to see. Her smile was anticipatory and blessing him for a glimpse of daylight after three days of total eclipse.

"And he posted the snap to headquarters. When you gave us his address we contacted him and learnt where Bugsie was—and when. The snap had already told us he had taken a job delivering for a restaurant caterer, and that he looked very respectable in uniform with a tray on his head . . ."

But the detective was alone. How it all happened was vague. But he distinctly remembered, with enjoyment, the girl hugging him before she sped through the door.

For four days Ben hadn't held her in his arms. And now, miraculously, she was there, all defrosted. Suddenly, inexplicably, she had thawed out. She was close to him, warm and adorable and tearful.

A few minutes later, after Jane had explained everything, Ben thought a confession now would be for the best.

"Jane, my mother's name wasn't Delmere."

"I guessed that. It isn't mine either!"

"Eh?"

"It's Jane Smith. Horrible! But there's another Miss Smith in Come-Come Street Snaps, so when the boss said I'd have to choose a new name I adopted Delmere. I like it, don't you?"

"Miller's better. You might try adopting that some time."

"Perhaps I will."

And it was four days since he had kissed her. Such a long, long time . . .

(Copyright)

HAZEL

"Closing in for the kill?"

WORTH Reporting

JESS ALAND, an Australian girl, who since U.N.R.R.A. ceased operations has transferred to the International Refugee Organisation in Europe, writes of a trip she made as I.R.O. escort on a train from Augsburg, Germany, to the Yugoslavian border.

The train carried 326 repatriates and their livestock—fowls and rabbits—and 26 Yugoslav criminals from German gaols.

Jess and a Dutch girl lived for five days on the train. Jess in charge of a huge stove which "smoked like a bushfire," on which she kept hot water for the sick repatriates and mothers with babies.

"One night," she writes, "a burly American guard came along to our car for coffee, and when he heard I was Australian he became very animated. Sitting on his haunches and swaying with the train, he sketched a plan of Kings Cross in the D.D.T on the floor.

"He got so worried because he could not remember the name of the fifth hotel at the Cross that he used to know—only that the barmaid's name was Joyce!

"At Rosenbach, on the border, we transferred our charges to another train that would take them into Yugoslavia. I felt near tears when a man who had lost both legs in the war shuffled up to me and kissed my hand, thanking me for getting him hot coffee during the trip to the border.

"Poor soul was returning home poorly clad and with his stumps protected with pieces of motor-car tyre secured with wire and string.

"Wherever the train stopped for more than 15 minutes children came along to barter eggs, flowers, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and green apples.

"It struck me as very sad that while their eyes coveted chocolate bars, their skinny hands reached for the cigarettes. (Cigarettes are so much more valuable for barter purposes.)

"Then there were the hungry railway workers who loitered outside our van in the hope of getting something to eat or smoke. I gave one chap half a loaf of stale bread. He smiled wolfishly, and ran with it under his shirt to a shed and locked it up before any of his mates could see him."

Stars' wedding gowns

WEDDING dresses in coupon-short England are often hired from film studios now.

Brides who would like to be married looking like Phyllis Calvert, Patricia Roc, or Margaret Lockwood have only to get in touch with the studio.

But this does not mean that studios have no clothes problems of their own. They receive only a meagre allowance of coupons.

Most clothes are replaced once, sometimes twice.

Many dresses are made in triplicate—one for standing scenes, one for sitting down, and one made so that the star can walk easily.

A star who is engaged all day on standing scenes and who wears a gown which would not permit her to sit down because it has literally been built on her figure is provided with a leaning-board.

This is a wide, padded plank on a stand. On either side are arm-rests. At one end is a footboard. Ten minutes in this rest makes her feel fresh again and her frock remains unrumpled.

Mammoth card

BEFORE Sister Kenny left America for Australia she was sent an immense birthday card from the State of Michigan, U.S.A.

The card, to mark her 62nd birthday, measured two feet by three feet when folded, and opened out into a huge double sheet of autographs as big as a house door.

It was signed by public officials, by the executive director and other members of the Sister Kenny Foundation of Michigan; by Roy Rogers, screen cowboy; and by many patients.

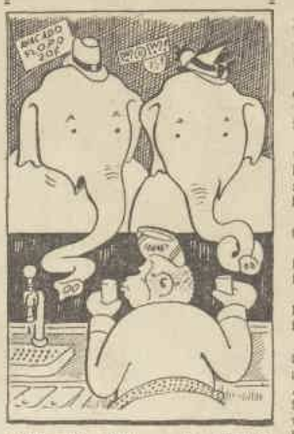
The big birthday card will become an annual event, but is only the decorative part of Michigan's present to Sister Kenny.

The other part was the announcement that the Kenny Foundation of Michigan has pledged itself to pay all transport costs for Michigan returned servicemen of any American war or children of returned servicemen to the Sister Kenny Institute or to the nearest hospital authorised to give the Kenny treatment for infantile paralysis.

* * *

A *TRAVELLER returned from England tells of an enterprising young doctor, who, when setting up in practice in the country, nailed on the front gate of his converted farmhouse the name "Bedside Manor."*

Animal Antics



"One choc. soda . . . no straws."

Legal dress

NEWS that a judge in England refused to allow a solicitor to wear a light coat instead of a dark one in court sent us off to a Sydney barrister to find out if Australian judges are as particular about legal attire.

They are, we were told.

Few Australian solicitors would have the courage to appear before a judge in other than a dark suit, our barrister told us.

"And I don't know of a barrister who does not wear dark trousers, bar jacket, white Geneva neckband, gown and wig when prosecuting or defending before a judge," he said.

On the occasions when judges sit without being robed (when they are sitting in chambers, for instance, or not as members of a court but as members of a commission of inquiry), then a barrister is not required to wear robes, and may wear a light suit.

Our informant was a little sad about the dress of barristers and solicitors in police courts.

"I'm afraid Rafferty's Rules are beginning to apply," he told us.

"The older men dress correctly, but I'm afraid some of the younger ones are often very unsuitably clad.

"I suppose you'd call it democratisation of the legal profession."

Realistic

HAVING wandered into the Department of Preparation at the Australian Museum the other day, we emerged with a new respect for the care that has to be taken in the authenticity of exhibits.

Mr. J. C. Clutton, who is in charge of the department and has worked there 43 years, told us of the importance of accessories.

Accessories cover all kinds of things necessary to complete the exhibits of birds and animals in their natural setting—grass, branches, leaves, soil.

Mr. Clutton led us to a reproduction of a cliff at Lord Howe Island.

Two sea birds were nesting on this ledge, and the sea was apparently far below.

"When we came back from Lord Howe Island," said Mr. Clutton, "we forgot to bring any grass with us.

"There's some grass growing in Centennial Park, Sydney, which is almost the same, so we included it. And as soon as the exhibit was open to the public, an expert on grasses walked in and told us that that grass had never come from Lord Howe. It had come from Centennial Park.

"So," sighed Mr. Clutton, "we had to get the real grass."

Portrait for house

GEORGE HARCOURT, the Royal Academician, who lives in Hertfordshire, England, has offered to paint the portrait of anyone giving him information that will lead to his tenancy of an unfurnished house within a 10-mile radius of his present home.

Yet estate agents, at any rate in the London area, are prophesying a slump in house property. Last week-end in Hampstead it was discovered that there are nine houses for sale in an area of not more than a square mile.

Garden gifts

CANTERBURY Horticultural Society, Victoria, has a good scheme for providing flowers, fruit, and vegetables for Heidelberg Repatriation Hospital.

Organiser of the scheme, Mr. R. Aarops, keeps an eye out at week-ends for recruits among home gardeners. They are given packets of flower and vegetable seeds, and pay a membership fee of five shillings, which entitles them to enter the society's monthly competitions.

Mr. Aarons aims at enlisting 1000 members to tend plots for the hospital. On the third Wednesday of every month the society holds a harvest festival day for Heidelberg. Home gardeners deliver their flowers and vegetables to the Soldiers' Memorial Hall at Canterbury, where they are collected for the hospital.

Another scheme sponsored by the society is the supply of "yellow boxes" to enable country gardeners to send flowers to Victorian hospitals. These boxes are carried free of charge by the railways, and are sent back to the consignor for further use.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"This is a remarkable map you've made, Wilson! All the important landmarks seem to be candy stores."

★ KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL ★

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THEY WERE SMALL FOR THEIR AGE

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING and everything in its place is one of the first things learnt by 15-year-old Ron Martin, on trial for an apprenticeship at ex-jockey Maurice McCarten's Randwick (N.S.W.) stables. Son of a country jockey, Ron is a long way from his home in Kentucky, N.S.W.

BOY'S FIRST DUTY after getting back to stables is to look after his horse. A. Richardson, second-year apprentice, waters, feeds, dresses, and beds down Flying Duke after morning gallop. Crepe bandages are protection from road falls or striking (stable term for knocks).

Jockeys become race idols after exacting apprenticeship

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

When the Melbourne Cup is run next Tuesday, the eyes of densely packed thousands will be glued on the brilliant jackets and caps of the tiny crouching figures atop the thoroughbreds lined up for Australia's most spectacular race.

Behind the brief moments of glory as the race is run and won lie years of hard work and strict discipline for the riders.

TAKE a boy who is light and small for his age, add a madness for horses, and the result is very likely to be a jockey.

For only the naturally small and light-of-weight can ever hope to become the big-little men of the Turf. But that doesn't stop a lot of boys from harboring ambitions to become one of the miniature heroes for whom the crowds roar.

For every big-little man perched up in brilliant satin on the back of a tall thoroughbred, there are a hundred small boys and men twice their age who would give everything they possess to change places with him.

Almost every day trainers get letters from such boys or their mothers or fathers. Usually they enclose a photograph. Mostly the boy is on a horse; sometimes it is one he rides to school, sometimes a working draught, sometimes a horse borrowed for the occasion.

But the photograph isn't enough. If it does lead to an interview, most trainers look for these qualities in the boy hoping for an apprenticeship—manliness, gameness, horse-sense, and brains.

If the boy shows signs of possessing these, and weighs about six stone, the chances are that he will one day know the feel of a famous owner's colors against his skin.

When Billy Lappin, record-breaking apprentice jockey, was killed, more than 2000 people attended his funeral. Though little Billy was 18 at the time of his death, he made big men look small.

Before they are indentured to a trainer most embryo jockeys put in a short period on trial.

They are treated like any ordinary apprentice. If the trainer feels they are of the right stuff to make jockeys their apprenticeship papers are taken out.

If they show incipient larrikinism or other traits that make their riding future appear unpromising, parents are called in, and after a conference the boys usually take the trainer's advice and chooses a more suitable career.

In N.S.W. for the first year of their apprenticeship boys are paid 10/- weekly. For the next two years

FEED ROOM. Foreman Bill Jarvis is responsible for training of boys. He measures out mixture of oaten, wheaten, and lucerne chaff while apprentices wait. Green feed comes from country each day.

CARE OF GEAR is instilled early. Directly horses are bedded down after outing, boys' first care must be equipment used. A. Richardson gives trial-apprentice Barry Fitzgerald wrinkles on polishing saddle.

CLIMAX of early rising and iron discipline of glamor of famous racing colors are forgotten at a recent

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ND MAD ON HORSES

HORSES, pretty girls, and boxers are favorite dormitory pin-ups of apprentices. J. Bowler (on bed) watches N. Begg, second-year apprentice, dress up for Sunday outing. Boys have alternate Sunday afternoons off. They are allowed mid-morning rest and rest again before walking exercise in afternoon.

BETWEEN RACES in jockeys' room at Randwick Racecourse. Wearing the colors of owners by whom they are engaged for next race are famous jockeys (l. to r.) A. Mulley, W. Cook, D. Munro, A. Ward, J. Thompson, E. Walmsley.

BUFFET attached to jockeys' room provides light snack. Jockeys George Moore and Teddy Doon snatch a quick bite between races. Outsiders are strictly barred.

s gives, and each week their [illegible] deal years their allow[illegible] £1 a week spending money.

[illegible]ughout Australia this [illegible] with minor [illegible]s.

[illegible] time they live in [illegible] by the State's racing [illegible], and are under [illegible] surveillance of that [illegible] and the master.

[illegible] a boy must adapt to [illegible] iron discipline of [illegible]. That means learning [illegible] watchful eye of the [illegible], [illegible] feeding, keeping [illegible] and [illegible]ning.

[illegible] boy is given his own [illegible] and is responsible for [illegible] gear horses to be [illegible] exercise before [illegible] early morning, and [illegible] afternoon.

[illegible] racing experience, [illegible] gallops.

[illegible] things an apprentice [illegible] is that "Size [illegible]."

[illegible] trainer Mick [illegible] "Saws aren't won [illegible]."

[illegible] taught to hold [illegible] of the future [illegible] his big mount [illegible] besides strength, [illegible] develop arms and [illegible].

[illegible] **training, some [illegible] boys responsible for sweeping and care of their own dormitories, and provide facilities for them to do their own washing and ironing.**

Before he rides his first race, a boy has usually been an apprentice jockey for six months.

Thoroughly satisfied that his boy has acquired sufficient "savvy" to cause harm to neither himself nor others in a race, the trainer puts in for a racing permit for his protege. Two other trainers who have seen the boy work are sponsors.

When he rides his master's horse in a race, the boy receives no payment. For riding one trained by his master, but owned by someone else, he receives half the riding fee.

Until he is 21, all money earned is banked in a trust account. The little "hoop" has only his weekly spending money. But with early nights and stricter-than-home supervision, he hasn't much opportunity to cut a dash.

Varied training

SOME stables allow him to go to one film a week, and if his parents don't live too far away he can go home for a week-end twice a month.

As well as the manners becoming to a future public idol, he is taught by his master to improve his writing, weigh-in winning or losing like a man, and apply to his dress and personal appearance the neatness learned in the gear-room.

Trainers agree that most jockeys have been country boys. Not because country-bred boys are smaller or more ambitious than city boys, but because their life gives them the opportunity to get among horses earlier.

Once the pounding of hoofs coming down the straight has got into the blood, it remains there. Sons and grandsons frequently succeed fathers and grandfathers as jockeys. Australia has any number of these racing families.

The average jockey parts from the trainer to whom he has been apprenticed on good terms.

Edgar Britt, famous Australian jockey now successfully riding in England, though a married man in his thirties with four children, still writes to Mick Polson, his former master, as "Boss."

From 21, a jockey is on his own. The money he earned as an apprentice is paid to him, he is free to accept or decline offers of mounts.

He is on the edge of the big money, the shining cars, and adulation accorded a popular jockey by the adoring public.

But no jockey can either own or bet on a horse. For a losing ride he collects £2, for a winning ride 5 per cent. of the prizemoney and any gratuity the grateful owner likes to give him. Gifts from outside sources are barred.

Though now a registered jockey, his life hasn't changed so much from early apprenticeship days.

There are still early morning track gallops, with the mist hanging over the racecourse, still the mud to be scraped off after a race on a wet track.

Racing on a wet day is no joke for the little giants. Some jockeys ride as many as six times an afternoon, come in soaked and bespattered, change into new colors, and after hurried instructions from the owner take another mount up to the starting-barrier.

Often before a riding engagement the little men of the Turf, the big men of the Sport of Kings, must sweat-off extra weight in hot boxes, walk mile after mile laden down with heavy clothing.

Those who look after their weight frequently ride until they are in their early 40's. Increasing weight, the bugbear of every "hoop," catches up with others earlier.

Riding at all weights, it is necessary for a jockey to own a number of saddles. The lightest weigh perhaps 10 ounces, the heaviest four or five pounds.

The largest of them are midget-sized, varying in length from 13 to 18 inches. Usually they are made of calf, specially tanned to give additional strength.

As well, the jockey supplies his own white silk breeches, soft leather boots, whip, and lightweight, crash-proof skull cap. The owner of the horse provides the multi-colored satin jacket and cap.

Jockeys, almost without exception, marry young, and marry pretty girls.

They are great family men and home-lovers, possessing neat, luxuriously furnished flats or cottages.

When they retire, jockeys live on their investments, go into business, or—still in a world of little men and big horses—become trainers.

[illegible]le routine comes with first race. Thrill of occasion and [illegible] jockeys pound down straight. This photograph was taken [illegible] at Randwick, N.S.W.

MEALS AND ACCOMMODATION are approved by senior racing bodies. Maternal Mrs. V. Gordon presides over boys' lunch, provides home influence, is confidante and adviser. Apprentices cut loose on Saturday night, excited by afternoon's racing, all talk at once.

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The Blast

Continued from page 9

I HAD better go back to the day of the blast. The explosion took place on the 5th of October, 1947.

That date is engraved on my mind. It is what might be called the last real date in history. I was in the interesting position of having survived history, of being history itself—a kind of lonely Adam in a jungle where terror stalked by day and night.

The Adam idea is now suddenly particularly apt because of the two Eves that I have seen. I wonder what Adam would have done with two Eves. Anyway, I am glad I have hidden from them, because if they have survived others must have.

It has always seemed possible to me that in remote parts of the world some groups of those people we used to call savages might have survived, saved by their isolation from the diseases set up by radioactivity and immune or partially immune because of their diet and the lives they led o the Red Death which spread over the North.

I have evidently been right, for the two girls—they are in their early twenties from the look of them—could not have raised themselves; which again brings up the question: Are those with them friends or enemies, and what is my position? Do I wish to be a friend to these strangers after twenty years alone? That remains to be seen.

The thing to do now is to continue my narrative and to describe what was certainly the end of our civilisation and might have been the end of mankind—though, of course, man might have reappeared again by : process of natural selection in a few million years.

Unless this time the new animals, such as the giant wolves that stand as high as a horse, and the immense brown-and-white minks that attack cattle and suck their blood in a few minutes, and the many other strange beasts and birds, should prove to be too much for such primitive types of man as might arise.

This, at any rate, had been my opinion until I saw the two girls. It is now subject to modification.

That I have succeeded in my fight against such wild beasts as I have described is due to my possession of modern weapons. These animals, however, are quite natural — phenomena that science once predicted might arise through the effect of atomic fission on the genes and chromosomes of the embryos extant at the time of the explosion.

Or at least that is the way I remember it, though at the time—that is, before it happened—I did not pay much attention to the details about the atom in the magazines and papers, because I had no inclinations toward nuclear physics, being engaged at the time in writing a play about some veterans who sought to escape reality on a desert island.

It is interesting to me to see how I keep evading the issue; how I keep side-tracking myself in a kind of escape mechanism. Evidently I do not want to write about that time, about the terror of those days and the horror that followed them.

The centre of the blast was said to have been Gramercy Park, probably the Players' Club. It was estimated that three hundred thousand people were killed.

To physicists a human being is an object as full of holes as a Swiss cheese and held together only by some subtle balance of electrical forces which I have never understood or even really believed in.

It is hard to believe that a beautiful woman held warm and soft in your arms has no reality, or that a dog or a horse is merely a combination of chemicals which react upon one another and produce the illusion which we—illusions ourselves—call dogs and horses.

Anyway, the scientists who discovered all this have gone. Never have men been more unjustly hoisted with their own petard. Blame for what has happened, for what I have seen and experienced all these years, is certainly not theirs.

The scientists were for the most part against military control of the bomb, and almost joined the Church in a strange remarriage of opposing forces against its use. The power of this nuclear force had proved strong enough to weld the breach which had separated God and Science during the last century.

No longer did a man have to choose between them: If he believed in Science, he had to believe in God. But there were too few believers in either—in God or Science—or in anything. Ours was a time of cynical disbelief.

I note here that I have written about holding a beautiful woman in my arms. This is a disturbing thought. It is so new. Women belong to the past.

But to return to my story—

Another half-million people were wounded by flying debris or burned in varying degrees. A tiny blister, however, proved as bad as a serious burn. There was no case of recovery from a burn of any size. The patient simply appeared to dissolve slowly from the nucleus of the wound.

The deaths were extremely painful, and, since there were neither sufficient hospital facilities nor enough drugs of any kind to stifle pain, thousands committed suicide, while others were killed by their friends in mercy killings.

ALL public services broke down, including fire and police, key men having been killed, water mains destroyed, telephone and telegram communication ruined beyond repair.

Our technological back was broken; our civilisation writhed like a wounded snake, unable to advance and incapable of retreat. We were too complex to return to simplicity; and only then, when it was too late, did it become apparent to the man in the street on what a fragile base his life had rested and how tenuous had been his hold upon existence.

"One world or no world," our greatest men had said, but no one had believed them. Having refused one world, we now had no world, and each man reacted according to his nature.

Some, as I say, committed suicide, not merely because they were wounded or burned, but because they were terrified. They bolted like animals, leaping from the housetops to the vast circle of buildings that surrounded the empty centre of devastation. Some prayed, some cursed, some raped and murdered, their lusts liberated in final orgy.

The police tried in certain parts to keep order and shot looters and assassins till their ammunition gave out, when they were lynched by police-hating mobs. All the jewellery stores were broken into and rings and ornaments were scattered everywhere. But now, of course, diamonds and gold were useless.

The odd thing was how quickly moral disintegration set in. Within an hour of the blast there were shots and screams in the streets.

The human wolves of the underworld found themselves free to do their will and were quick to seize the opportunity, evidently not realising that they had in this hour become obsolete. For the things they liked—cars, jewels, furs, money, clothes—had actually ceased to exist in principle, though they were all there to be had for the taking.

FOR forty-eight hours there was madness and murder, screams, shots, and shouts, the parading of loose women in stolen ermine cloaks, mink coats, stonemarten stoles, with diamond tiaras on their bleached-blonde hair. For forty-eight hours cars roared through the streets and tommy-guns spat from the cars.

Then the gasoline began to give out in the filling stations, and the ammunition began to give out for the tommy-guns as it had earlier for the police, and there was no one to hold up.

Gangsters could go into any store and take anything. Their women dripped with jewels, their cars were stacked with valuable furs and piled with cases of Scotch and gin and rye. They had eaten their fill of steak cooked by trembling chefs at the point of a gun.

But now there were neither steaks nor chefs left, and there was no water to wash the grime from their faces and the blood from their hands. And then, as suddenly as their reign of terror had begun, it ended in terror on their part.

Here was a new world that they could not understand, where all they had ever wanted was theirs and they were carrying it off. But to where, and for what?

In this world they were the suckers and, like wild animals betrayed by this new environment, they turned upon one another in a kind of gang war of extinction. Enemies of society, finding no society, they could logically do little else.

This, of course, is all somewhat academically stated, the drama having lost its sharp cutting edge with the passing years. But there are incidents, vignettes that still stand out, separated from the general mass of somewhat amorphous memory and theory and rationalisation like the red-capped figure to be found in almost every Corot landscape.

There was the girl who ran into Grand Central Station pursued by two men, whom I shot. It was as simple as that. I was going out to get canned goods from the basement of a ruined store and had a rifle in my hand. I knew the girl by sight; she was a dancer in a near-by musical show.

When I saw her predicament I levelled my rifle, and, taking aim as coolly and precisely as though I had been on some pleasure hunt, I shot first one, then the other of her pursuers.

She smiled at me and said thank you as if I had opened a door for her. And I, regretting the expenditure of my two shells, wondered if it had been worth while. The shots on my part and the smile on the girl's belonged to the other, finished world. They were out of their context here.

But it was interesting, or it appears to have been so now, to watch the changing forms of action; to watch readjustment and adaptation in this strange period where aeons overlapped as the first terrible waves of the future beat against the fragile mosaic of our civilisation.

In a book published a year or so before it happened a number of scientists had predicted what might occur, and one of them had explained what would take place if an atomic bomb were dropped in Gramercy Park.

The fact that the explosion did take place in Gramercy Park could have been a matter of coincidence, or luck, or it might have been suggested by the chapter in question. The depositor of the bomb may have said, "Well, if they want it there, let them have it there."

He may have even had a kind of perverted sense of humor, like the guards at Buchenwald who gave towels to those of their victims who were about to be gassed, telling them the Murder House was for baths.

Again, with that tidy Nazi mind, he may have wished to make fact conform to fiction. God knows this has happened often enough before with Jules Verne, Conan Doyle, H. G. Wells, and an endless series of "astounding stories" all based on scientific possibilities.

Please turn to page 31

Heinz puts flavour into Beans 3 ways!

1. Slower, longer baking

Heinz beans are oven-baked slowly . . . longer . . . until each bean is so mealy, tender and absorbent.

2. Richer tomato sauce

Each golden-brown bean is soaked through and through with rich sauce . . . made from red-ripe tomatoes . . . seasoned to perfection.

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Tender young pork is added to give that extra richness to the flavour.

Beans baked the way you like them!

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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Possessive mothers present a problem to their sons when the sons decide to marry.

Rather than face an upset, the couple whose letter appears below put off telling the mother about the engagement until the secret leaked out, and she heard of it from an outside source.

A MOTHER has every right to feel she should be one of the first people to know of the engagement of her son.

If she is not, she feels slighted, and explanations are hard to make.

"WE have not yet told my fiance's mother that we have decided to get married, as she has always influenced his decisions and is sure to resent his making such an important one without her advice. How should we tell her?"

Before you are presented as her son's bride-to-be, your fiance should tell his mother that he has found the girl he wants to marry and has been accepted by her.

No mother, however devoted, can hope to influence her son's decision in so personal a matter as the choice of his future wife. But it is natural for her to feel hurt and bewildered if the news is kept from her.

If you let her see clearly that you have her son's happiness at heart you will probably find that your future mother-in-law will be less possessive.

* * *

"MY aunt has given me a home, paid for my education, and brought me up. I owe her everything and know it, especially as she has sacrificed quite a lot for me. Would it be ungrateful to get a job as an industrial chemist, although I know she wants me to train for a profession?"

Any boy will do the thing he wants to better than the thing someone else wants him to. Choice of career is an important one, and grateful as you are—and should be—to your aunt I don't think that her wishes ought to be the deciding factor. Ask her if she would not rather see you a happy, successful industrial chemist rather than a discontented, perhaps not a very efficient, professional man.

* * *

"I DON'T know if other girls in their early teens have my trouble, but I have been trying for weeks to get my parents to agree to high-heeled shoes. Do you think it fair that after buying a pair out of money I had saved I am not allowed to wear them? All the girls I know agree that they are glamorous and attractive."

I think they are glamorous and attractive, too. But only for parties. Frankly, high heels look rather silly on young girls at other times and aren't smart. You always see the best-dressed teen-agers wearing flat heels, except for gala occasions. Try your parents on those lines and I think you'll be successful.

"AS a woman in my 50's I am often asked by younger women to call them by their christian names. Should I return the compliment by asking them to use my first name?"

Few younger women really expect you to do this. While it is natural for you to call them by their first names if you are asked to do so, it would quite likely be embarrassing to them to call an older woman anything but "Mrs." If you are on very intimate terms it is different.

* * *

"MY girl and I want to get married, but haven't much money. After wedding and honeymoon expenses are paid we would have about £200 behind us. Is this too little to start out on?"

People have started out with far less. If you have a safe, regular job and are sure of the money coming in every week, and are in the position to provide for the ordinary living expenses of two people, a small bank account need not necessarily deter you. Almost everything depends on the sort of girl who is your fiancee.

* * *

"PLEASE advise my parents how to word the invitations they will be sending out for my 21st birthday party. I have been married for two years."

Invitations should go out in your parents' names, mentioning the reason for the party and referring to you by your married name.

* * *

"I HAVE been a lifetime friend of a woman, aged about 60, who is now in hospital. Her family are making plans for when she comes out. Unfortunately she will never do so. I was given this information for private reasons. Should I allow her family to continue with their preparations or tell them what I know?"

It is her doctor's place to inform the family. But as an old friend you can do a great deal to prepare them for the loss they must eventually face. You could also suggest that some member of the family has a talk with your friend's doctor.

* * *

"INTRODUCTIONS always flummox me. Can you suggest a general rule that would help?"

A safe rule is to present the man to the woman, the older person to the younger.

* * *

"BECAUSE I forgot our wedding anniversary my wife made a fuss about it and would hardly speak to me for days afterwards. Isn't such an attitude out of all proportion to the offence?"

Foolish or otherwise, the fact remains that little things like anniversaries are important to women. After all, your wedding day was a rather notable one in both your lives. In the pressure of business an anniversary may slip from your memory, but to your wife such days stand out in the year. Most husbands manage some sort of little gift or celebration, not because they must, but because it is gracious to do so. Try not to forget next time.

* * *

"TWO boys say they are very fond of me, and I cannot choose between them. Please advise me what to do."

Don't try to make a choice, but keep them both as good friends. When you do fall in love you'll know it!

* * *

"IS it possible to be a good friend to another woman yet be conscious of her faults? Though I support her against criticism and am prepared to give in to her, I feel that I am lacking in loyalty in being conscious of faults in a friend of many years' standing."

It is possible to love our friends dearly while not being blind to their failings. Indeed, many people cherish their friends despite their faults. Refusing to acknowledge failings in those we like is only foolish. The real test of friendship comes when we make allowances for friends' faults and still like them.

* * *

"YOUNG people of to-day rather alarm me, so that the prospect of running an evening party for my teen-age daughter fills me with dread. Just what makes a party for boys and girls go?"

Young people are really easy to please. If there is to be dancing, then have plenty of records—and new ones. There is nothing safer than to let your daughter and a chosen circle of cronies buy them. If there are games, call in the same brains trust to work them out. Have lots to eat—teen-agers don't mind informality; and lots of soft drink—for preference from the bottle through a straw.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

Step by step you are led to needless tooth extractions

NOW! TEETH CAN BE SAVED WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED S.R.

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE—WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHŒA).

It's easy—it's pleasant—right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums start to bleed, become sore, soft and spongy. Gum Rot sets in and almost before you know it, a sound tooth must be extracted. Now there's no need to risk it! Use the new kind of toothpaste called S.R. Brush your teeth with it—you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. Rub a little S.R. into your gums. S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, makes loose teeth firm, *often after only a few days.* Get a tube of S.R. right away!

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS *(taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette)* show how Sodium Ricinoleate improves teeth and gums

1. *Condition before treatment.*

2. *14 days later, after daily application of Sodium Ricinoleate.*

S.R. TOOTHPASTE SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT GUARDS YOUR GUMS

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

S.R.1.81

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Continuing . . . The Blast

from page 28

IT so happened, however, that the explosion did not operate quite as was expected, because, for some unknown reason, the blast did not fade out and get weaker and weaker as the distance from its centre increased. Instead, it ended as if it were cut off by an invisible wall.

The best way to describe it would be to imagine the force of the blast as something tied to a string that was being swung round and round. Everything within the area covered by the string was destroyed, and everything only a few yards beyond it was left, with the exception of such minor damage as some broken windows, intact.

At this point the blast appeared to take an upward direction, so that in the area beyond the destroyed centre there was no further destruction except that due to fires caused by the falling debris. This destruction was somewhat haphazard, certain buildings escaped all damage while whole areas were completely gutted.

After the original reign of disorder and mayhem, the city started to reorganise itself. Emergency repairs were effected to water supplies, and local authorities were linked by provisional army field telephones.

Citizens formed themselves into troops of vigilantes, and though there was some street fighting between different groups which took each other for bandit bands, order was in some degree restored. But there was no sense of security or continuity, for if there is no reason to expect to-morrow to dawn, to-day loses its validity.

Were more bombs to go off? What was going to happen about food, or work, or money?

People began to evacuate the city in cars, on foot, on bicycles. They left the island of Manhattan, endless black caterpillars of humanity creeping over every bridge, appearing from under the ground in every tunnel. They were migrating like lemmings. Driven by fear, they were going into the unknown where they would inevitably die.

They swarmed over the land like locusts, devastating it, marching till they were half-way to Canada. Some even reached the Canadian border, where they met Canadians marching down from Montreal and Toronto. What had taken place in New York was not an isolated phenomenon. Every big city in North America had suffered the same experience.

No city except Washington was completely destroyed, but the population of all had been panicked, and the cumulative effect of these multiple bombings was much more serious than the total destruction of any single city.

All the urban populations fled to the country — which they destroyed; to the small towns and villages where, when once what was happening was understood, the villagers defended themselves with guns and even pitchforks, ex-soldiers fighting from tractors as if they were tanks. It was civil war, mass suicide. Millions starved, hundreds of thousands were killed. And North America as a power, as a civilisation, ceased to exist.

But as if even this was not enough, disaster was piled upon disaster, and the sickness hit us. First came diseases that were caused, it was said, by radioactivity. Then came the Red Death. The Red Death appears to have been general all over the civilised world.

The news of the period, naturally, was garbled; but there was some news. A few radio hams were able to receive messages. Ships at sea relayed frantic and conflicting reports.

Naturally, within hours of the disaster, our air fleets set out for Europe, and, in a series of retaliatory raids, blotted out many centres of military and industrial strength. Every big town in England had been blown up at the same time that ours were; London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, all had ceased to exist.

The United States, anticipating the possibility of such an attack, had several fleets of immense bombers, complete with atomic bombs and personnel, hidden in secret underground hangars not only in the vast deserts of the south-west, but in the depths of the Louisiana swamps, and in the great isolated plains of the north-west.

These fleets were manned by men who had signed articles that subjected them to punishments of the greatest severity should any information about their work leak out. Even anticipating the destruction of central authority, the commanding officers of these areas had sealed instructions that they were to open if communication broke down.

When the attack came, the wings of retaliation were soon in the air and within hours of the first blast our world was gone.

There was never in anyone's mind, apparently, the idea that any country other than Russia could have been responsible for the attack upon us. Ever since the end of the great Thirty Years War—which raged openly or secretly from 1914 through 1945—we had been barraged with stories of the Russian menace. It was an improved model of the old "yellow peril" danger.

What was forgotten was that Germany was our enemy—the enemy of Russia and America and England—and that nothing would please Germany better than the mutual destruction of the U.S.S.R. and the Western democracies.

The Germans hoped this would happen and, in my opinion, engineered it—perhaps even by setting off the explosion in America, knowing that we, in our fear and bewilderment, would attack Russia in a retaliatory reflex. What the Germans did not foresee (or perhaps they did not care) was that such a war would extinguish them with the rest of mechanised mankind.

Or again they—the Germans—may have had such confidence in their Spenglerian myth that they assumed their blond beasts could survive any terror.

And so, perhaps, they could have —until the plague came along. Then they died along with others, as far as one can make out.

The Red Death was a contagious fever with an incubation period of seven days. The first symptom was a high color which gave the appearance of great health. With this went high spirits, a mad gaiety which made the victims dance and sing, even in the streets, so that we ran from people we saw singing or dancing, as if they were the plague, which indeed they were.

They next fell into a coma from which they awakened with their skins scarlet in color, in a state of berserk fury, with the strength of maniacs—attacking anyone they saw, striking at them, scratching and biting like mad dogs. Then, their energy exhausted, they fell to the ground and died in a few hours, fully conscious of what was going on around them.

I believe direct contact was the commonest cause of infection, though there must have been others: through dust in the air or, perhaps, the contamination of water. Escape was virtually impossible; the disease seemed in the end to have struck down everyone.

This, then, is the approximate sequence of events: the explosion; the reign of terror; the exodus; the temporary reorganisation; the civil war between escaping city people and the rural population, which finally turned into a States' war as refugees were stopped at the State lines; the illnesses that we called radioactive; and, finally, the pestilence that till to-day I thought had killed every living human being in the Western Hemisphere with the exception of myself.

Some of the last news that we got through was that the same disease had broken out in both Buenos Aires and Rio. This makes me think now, looking back on it, that the bacteriological war the attackers planned for us got completely out of control.

What happened in the Far East, in Australia and Asia, I have no idea. We never heard anything from there, and perhaps they, too, survived. Perhaps a new empire of Orientals arose. I doubt it, though, because I feel that they would surely have established some kind of communication with the east coast of the United States.

I think it is safe to assume that sickness and death overtook everyone in the Far East as well, except for isolated tribesmen, and perhaps the inhabitants of such a remote place as Lhasa, the sacred city of Tibet. It would be interesting if Lhasa alone were left as the last centre of learning, since it was probably the first.

AT one time some of us considered it possible that Hitler, whose death had never been actually proved, had had the bombs placed, and had followed them with bacteriological warfare in his mad plan of revenge.

But when we found the disease had reached Europe, where the population, weakened by famine, would certainly not have been able to resist a sickness which had struck us here, where we were in our full strength, and exterminated us, this idea seemed less likely, though Hitler had said that if he fell the world would fall with him.

It is here that the theory of something having gone wrong comes in and the possibility of a certain poetic justice enters the picture. And I for one return to the theory that the Germans, acting as agents provocateurs, incited the military titans of the world against one another, and then, having started the war, found themselves ground between the upper and the nether millstones of the Lord God, Who is not lightly mocked.

But to return to the amazing sight I saw to-day—the two girls.

When I sighted them, they were standing on a small hill on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street. I saw them clearly silhouetted against the skyline. They were staring north, shading their eyes with their hands, while two horses cropped the grass beside them.

Both girls were blonde. Their hair was tied at their necks and they wore what looked like buckskin shirts and trousers.

I had trouble with the dogs, Vixen and Bodo; the girls were upwind and the dogs had never smelled a woman before—or any other human being but me, for that matter—and they probably thought of me as one of themselves, since I had bred them and their parents before them and they were never separated from me, even sleeping on the same heap of skins in the cave I had constructed in the ruins of the Chelsea Hotel.

It has always seemed to me that the great secret of training and handling animals is identification with them; and my years alone with them have fully confirmed this belief.

Having described the girls, I suppose I had better describe myself, for if, as it now seems, there may be other people in the world, I and my kind are certainly all but extinct.

So now for something of my life's history before the blast.

"I finally hit on a clever little scheme for getting him to drink."

I was born in Paris in 1897, just in time to serve in the first World War. I was severely wounded and went to live in South Africa, where I farmed cattle for ten years. I then took to writing, returned to England and came from there to the United States, where I remained, apart from a few trips to England, France, and the Bahamas, till the second World War.

Then I married a charming American girl, an artist, and continued writing while I waited for the war to end. My age and disabilities prevented my doing anything more active.

Among others I wrote and talked of the dangers of our Anglo-American retention of the bomb secret, maintaining that manufacture should cease and control be given to the United Nations.

Please turn to page 33

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1888W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh had me down. Could not Wash or Feed Myself... no sign of trouble now"

Says Mrs. J. V. Pollett, of 20 Goodhope St., Five Ways, Paddington.

"I would like to see a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B.' It relieved my catarrh, bronchial asthma and the head colds I had suffered from for years"—so says Mrs. J. V. Pollett, here seen gardening at her home, 20 Goodhope Street, Five Ways, Paddington.

Read this remarkable letter. It brings new hope to thousands of sufferers from Bronchial and Catarrhal complaints.

"Seven years ago I lay in hospital propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh.

"Treatment seemed to do me no good, and I returned home to live a life of misery. At one stage I spent no less than four months in bed. A district nurse used to come in daily to look after me. I could not even wash myself.

"I used to fear the coming of night, because I knew I'd spend hours longing for sleep to rest me a little, yet, all night long, I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief.

Mrs. Pollett preparing the evening meal.

"Then one day I sent a friend to the chemist to ask for anything that might give me relief. She brought back a Lantigen pamphlet.

"Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed, and I bought my first bottle.

"In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I can sleep well at night. Instead of being propped up, I just use ordinary pillows again.

"I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis, and I never have a headache.

"I would like a memorial erected to Lantigen 'B.' If I had had the same treatment from anyone else, it would have cost me £100."

No Need for YOU to Suffer from CATARRH or BRONCHITIS

Prompt Relief also from

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS OR ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS . . . .

You can relieve Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus or Antrum Infections, Recurrent Colds, as the remarkable letter quoted in this advertisement proves. These unpleasant, miserable complaints are caused by germs, which lodge in your nose and throat and spread their poisons through the system. It stands to reason that the longer you let the trouble go the worse it gets—the harder it is to treat. You need a treatment which brings prompt relief and then builds up resistance, so that it is difficult for the germs to take hold again. Dissolved Oral Vaccine LANTIGEN 'B' acts in just that way.

DOUBLE BENEFIT

First—TREATMENT:

Lantigen 'B' brings prompt relief—relieves coughing—frees stuffy noses, eases tight bronchial congestion and catarrhal headaches—lets you breathe freely once again—lets you sleep peacefully—builds up your health.

Second—IMMUNITY:

Because it is a *vaccine* it builds up resistance to the germs which cause your trouble, neutralises their poisons and immunises against their return, sometimes for years.

✶ SCIENTIFICALLY PREPARED ✶

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by highly skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction. You need **no injections**, because Lantigen 'B' is taken very simply by mouth, in water, on retiring. It contains NO DRUGS and is perfectly safe for young or old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart or other organs, and does not interfere with other treatments. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. This is little indeed to pay for the genuine, long-lasting benefit Lantigen 'B' has brought to so many thousands who have suffered from catarrhal and bronchial infections, and which it can, so readily, bring to you

✶ DOCTORS PRAISE ORAL IMMUNISATION ✶

Louis Pasteur, father of immunisation.

It was Louis Pasteur who established the fact that germs cause disease, and that vaccines could treat and immunise against it.

The continued success of oral vaccines (which are taken by mouth) is praised by leading doctors and research workers. Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 15, 1936, as follows:—"In my experience, the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, say: ". . . The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

Don't Delay! Ask Your Chemist at once for . . .

Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

For CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS OR ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS

★ TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES

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The Blast

Continued from page 31

I ALSO said that our civilisation, as we knew it, was finished; and that, as others were saying and writing at the same time, the future presented only two alternatives: the liberation of man through atomic power or the destruction of our civilisation, either by great nations in an undeclared war, which was what we feared, or by—and this was more or less in the realm of "astounding fiction" stories—atomic bandits or nihilists.

My wife and I lived in a small studio penthouse on the eleventh floor of the Whitby Apartments on West 45th Street, opposite the Martin Beck Theatre. I was over there yesterday and it is still almost intact, having been extremely well constructed some time in the 'twenties.

As a matter of fact, I shot a mountain lion that my dogs had driven into a basement apartment which had, when we lived there, been occupied by a drummer.

Hunting big game in old apartment houses is the most dangerous form of shooting there is and makes any African safari look like child's play, because the animals are likely to attack from the immediate flank—that is, from any apartment—as you move down a passage.

Under such conditions, hunting would be quite impossible without dogs that first investigate the building and bay up the den of any animal that is lurking there.

The losses in dogs are heavy; but I am continually breeding new ones—huge animals of mixed Saint Bernard, Newfoundland, Great Dane, Irish wolfhound, bloodhound, mastiff, police dog and Husky blood—which generation by generation become larger, fiercer, and better hunters by the Darwinian process of survival of the fittest.

Feral dogs—the wild stock that has survived and bred itself by mongrelisation—are not much bigger than jackals or coyotes, but are of a broken color.

The wild cattle, too, are often strangely colored—red and black, or brindle and white—and in many other animals the pigmentation has been changed, with the result that most animals are now pintos or piebald rather than red or brown as they used to be, while albinos have been almost completely bred out among both cats and poultry that have gone wild.

When I am out for a stroll, as I was to-day, I usually take only a couple of well-trained dogs as guards to inform me of any danger that I do not see myself, which was lucky for the girls and their horses. For had I been hunting with my pack, as I do every second day or so, the girls would undoubtedly have been torn to pieces, since this is my way of feeding my dogs.

They are trained to pull down any living thing, and, having done so, to break it up as English hounds did a fox. Of course, when hunting the mutations such as the giant wolf and great mink and a kind of wild ox that resembles the extinct European aurochs, I use a rifle—a 450 express that I selected at Abercrombie and Fitch—which has immense striking power.

The dogs, instead of attacking game that is too big for them, merely bring it to bay and hold it till I come and then, as I fire, run in upon it. It is impossible for anyone who has not seen them to imagine the strength of these dogs, standing over thirty inches at the shoulder; or, for that matter, to visualise the animals against which they are pitted.

From my point of view, there is a certain interest in the change in my own character because, when I first went to Africa as a young man, I was an ardent hunter. Then, at the age of thirty-five, I gave up shooting altogether.

Now I, like my dogs, have reverted atavistically, and hunting is my only pleasure. My mind is less disciplined than it was when I used to write for magazines. It drifts along strange paths. I can imagine what an editor would say about this manuscript, but where are the editors now?

Dogs and hunting have become my passion. For at least ten years, I have done no thinking beyond following the spoor of a gigantic bear or looking for the sign of a moose.

So the shock of seeing people again has disturbed my mind and, like one of my own dogs grubbing for a buried bone, I dig among my memories seeking for incidents and examples that will elucidate or explain what has happened.

My narrative must drift back and forth to catch memories that are like butterflies as they flick through my mind, for I am an old man and cannot be certain that they will ever return. So I use what used to be called the technique of the throwback, or flash back. I editorialise. I evade issues. I return to them.

How, for instance, can I write about the death of my wife? I can't. But the description of her death will be there, threaded like every twentieth bead on the string of my life. I cannot coldly discuss killing and eating Annie, my pet dog. Nevertheless, I did kill and eat her. I also killed many other pet dogs for people who at first reviled me and then, finding they had no means of feeding them, begged me to do what they could not do themselves.

We also ate Edward, the kinkajou we had had for four years, in a stew. There was no food for pet animals, and it was necessary to dispose of them all.

We never took to cannibalism, though both cannibalism and infanticide were widely practised and probably, under such conditions, to be condoned. Morality can exist only in a social framework. Once the framework has gone, there can be no morality and, for that matter, no immorality.

I, for instance, alone in the world, cannot be immoral. There is no subject for immorality and no one to declare any act to be immoral. A man alone cannot be good or bad. He cannot steal, fight, lie, or murder.

NOW I return to animals because it is among animals that the last twenty years of my life have been lived. There were, as I have said, several animal mutations: the giant wolf, the great mink, and the aurochs.

In addition to these, there was an immense increase in the wild animals indigenous to New York State, such as the timber wolf, beaver, black bear, lynx, mountain lion, deer, moose, and bobcat. There were even some bison and caribou.

There were, of course, packs of wild dogs descended from such domestic dogs as survived, and feral cats which looked like big tabbies. There were also many game birds: pheasant, ptarmigan, grouse, and a new kind of American jungle fowl which evolved from ordinary poultry.

In the ruins of New York City there were a great number of wild goats. They came from the few domestic goats that were here at the time of the disaster. There were also some ibex, white Rocky Mountain goats, moufion and other wild sheep, and a herd of Shetland ponies, descendants of those which escaped from the Central Park Zoo.

Some lunatic, very shortly after the explosion, had thrown open every cage in the zoo, and since no one had time to deal with the liberated animals, a number of them survived and became acclimatised. Now there are tigers in New York, which, in their long winter coats, resemble the great tigers of Manchuria. There are also leopards, jaguars, and a wide variety of buck and antelope which, despite the severity of the winters, have managed to survive.

As happened elsewhere where their ranges overlapped, the lions were soon exterminated by the tigers. There is at least one herd of zebra and another of donkeys. Occasionally they hybridise. There are no horses, and the two that I saw to-day are the first I have seen for twenty years.

Grizzly bears have spread from the West and are very large—even bigger, I should say, than the Kodiak bears. I have seen marks where they sharpened their claws against a tree in Central Park more than twenty feet from the ground. There are several families of polar bears living along both the Hudson and East Rivers. There is a great colony of seals at Ellis Island.

This gives a picture of the fauna of Manhattan Island and the vicinity to-day.

The great bald eagle now nests in the abandoned cliffs of every skyscraper. There are pigeons by the millions; and ducks, wild geese, and swans in all the ponds and rivers. Buzzards and kites circle everywhere. House mice are almost extinct, since they are dependent on man.

Many of the larger carnivora live in the drains, which is probably how those from more tropical countries survived the first winter. It is, of course, for the same reason that I live in a cave, where the temperature is more or less stable, rather than in an apartment, of which there is certainly no shortage.

It occurred to me when I moved in here that, after all, a cave was man's natural habitat, and that a house was only an artificial cave. A cave is a space in a rock; a house is a rock constructed round a space.

. . . . . .

At least one more thing is necessary to supply a picture of this area as it is now. New York was always famous for its skyline. This skyline is now vastly changed.

There are a number of large buildings—blocks of flats, hospitals, and hotels—more or less intact. Rockefeller Centre stands; so does the pinnacle of the Empire State Building, an eagles' aerie now. The Chrysler Building stands, but its pinnacle hangs from it at an angle, like the Virgin from the church at Albert in the first World War.

I should note here that though some of the larger structures stand almost intact, many others, particularly department stores, having fewer interior walls, have crumpled into great rounded hillocks, each of which contains a thousand Aladdin caves. Most of the old brown-stone houses have fallen down, and, of course, the bomb blast area is completely bare and almost as flat as a polo field.

A curious thing, however, has occurred. The debris that landed on the housetops, combined with the guano from the countless birds that took to roosting on them, has formed a soil so fertile that trees and shrubs cover the flat tops of higher buildings.

Countless sea gulls, herring gulls, kittiwakes, and great black-backed gulls nest on the ledges and in this scrubby vegetation; while on the ridges of the lower level collapsed houses there is a thick layer of excellent grass growing on the newly formed topsoil.

It is my opinion that, though at first much of the debris and the land exposed to the explosion was radioactive (indeed, some of it glowed at night and we took precautions to avoid such areas), the soil and dirt later became almost incredibly fertile, so that no matter how much it is grazed down, this grass carpet now appears to be indestructible.

This fertility accounts for the amount of game, the several thousand head, that is to be found here.

RATHER surprisingly, Washington Bridge is intact and so is the Brooklyn Bridge, these two being the main migration routes for these animals which leave or come to the island of Manhattan. The polar bears, moose and caribou seem to prefer swimming, as do the tigers in the summer months. But most animals use the bridges, and very good sport is often to be had near them.

As there have been animal mutations, so there have also been mutations among the plants. There are some great ferns as big as trees, and there is a new elm which creeps along the ground, one tree covering as much as an acre. Everything grows with great rapidity; and if it were not for the goats that prefer young trees and tree shoots to grass, the place would soon revert to forest.

However, a natural balance seems, after the first few years, to have set in.

There are enough goats to keep down the trees and enough herbivorous animals to graze the grass till it is like a thick lawn, and enough carnivorous animals to keep the grazing animals from completely destroying the herbage.

The scene from a hilltop or a ruin is of strange and almost incredible beauty. The game is so thick that it is reminiscent of the Sabi game reserve in the Transvaal. Standing out above the rolling greensward that covers the fallen buildings, great towers of masonry rise like ancient forts. Everywhere there are small woods, clumps of trees, and little streams and rivers.

There are large numbers of flowers, many of them completely new, at least new as wild flowers. Varieties of roses which usually had to be budded now grow wild, as do gladioli, dahlias, tulips, and every other kind of bulb.

Hyacinths, daffodils, and crocuses cover large patches in solid mats of color; they lie like scatter rugs on the green floor of the city; and nothing more beautiful could be imagined than coming across a great striped Bengal tiger asleep on a carpet of purple crocuses in the first warm afternoon of early spring, or seeing a red-and-white wild ox standing belly-deep in orange gladioli.

There are ferns and mosses to be found wherever water drips or runs among the rocky gullies. And in no place are they more beautiful than in the natural grotto in front of the Chelsea Hotel, where a clear spring bubbles up and falls with a delightful splash into the small lake made by the subsidence of the ground in 23rd Street.

It is in this lake that I keep the black bass, rainbow trout, and carp that I catch when I need a change of diet. They have become adapted to this way of life and are very little different from their ancestors.

I must say that after the hardships we underwent in the beginning, while we were learning to adjust ourselves, I now live very well.

I have fresh meat and fish, wine and whisky when I want it, and plenty of canned foods of all kinds. I still miss bread and potatoes, but I have become accustomed to bottled spaghetti, and only occasionally dream about French fried potatoes or a loaf of good fresh bread.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

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"There's nothing to equal VELVET for saving clothes—"

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Here are some real life stories sent to *Aunt Jenny* by enthusiastic Velvet users*

* *Original letters in our office.*

"MY 14 YEAR OLD BLANKETS ARE CERTAINLY A TRIBUTE TO VELVET," says Mrs. S. Hutchins, of 2 York Street, Maryborough, Q. "They have had years of solid wear since I bought them, but, thanks to good old Velvet, I'm still using them on the kiddies' beds at this moment."

Mrs. L. Stafford, of Barham, N.S.W., writes:

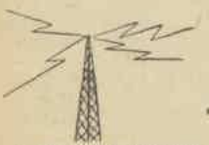
"I WAS A NURSE until my marriage a couple of years ago. As you know, Aunt Jenny, a nurse is expected to look spic and span from dawn to dusk. Uniforms, caps, collars and cuffs must be spotless for every inspection . . . I was never afraid of 'toeing the mat' on inspection days, as my laundry was washed with Velvet, and always snowy white."

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, AUNT JENNY," says Mrs. R. H. Duncan, Templeton St., Euroa, Victoria, "I have a white linen supper cloth which has been in use constantly for 21 years, thanks to Velvet."

"I HAVE BABY GOWNS that have been worn by eight kiddies," writes Mrs. Parkin, of 98 Weaver St., Woodlands Park, S.A. "Within 26 years they have been used by all my mother's five children and my own three. My thanks go to Velvet—it's the only soap in this house and it gets used for everything!"

"MY TOWELS HAVE BEEN WASHED 230 TIMES IN VELVET, and show no sign of wear," says Mrs. M. F. Ellendon, Clare, S.A. "I have been using Velvet for a good many years now, and I'm proud to say the things in my linen chest are all in first-class condition. For instance, we are still using sheets that have been in use for 12 years, so that proves what a grand linen-saver Velvet is."

"SPEAKING OF RECORDS FOR VELVET SOAP," writes Mrs. Anne King, 54 First Avenue, Mt. Lawley, W.A. "In 1913 I bought two mosquito nets for the family, and to-day, Aunt Jenny, those nets are perfectly good and giving everyday use. Velvet Soap has been my laundry friend for over 33 years."



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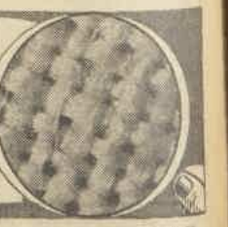

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THE BLUNTS: *Taffy's tin mine troubles*

A beautiful friendship nearly blasted as partners disagree

Weekly feature
Written and Illustrated by
JILL BLUNT

THERE is a rift in the lute . . . the first nimbus cloud has obscured the blue sky of a beautiful friendship. Bobby and Taffy are enjoying a feud that makes the classical differences of the Martins and the Coys look like a slight case of the huff.

Last Saturday morning I found Taffy moodily taking pot shots at an indifferent rabbit Harvey with orange peel . . . he looked utterly disconsolate.

"Miners on strike, too?" I called from the verandah.

Every Saturday he and Bobby work at their mine in Bobby's garden; it's a tin mine, by the way, because it's terrible valuable. The tin you get round jam isn't real tin, you yet only think it's tin.

Taffy was in a trance. I tried again . . . "Why aren't you with Bobby this morning?"

"Aw, that drowsy drip's catchin' butterflies." He paused a moment, and, deciding I looked sympathetic, began to confide.

"An' look, Jill, he's reel stupid, he's got a blowfly in a box an' he reckons it's a bee an' it's gointer make honey . . . hoff!"

"Well," I reasoned, "that is no cause for a quarrel; how do you know it wasn't a bee?"

"Aw, cripes . . . it didn't have no stripes on its stummick."

"Well, surely you're not going to sit and sulk because your buddy can't tell the difference between a bee and a blowfly?"

Just then Harvey registered indignation by thumping when Taffy scored a bull's-eye with a twig . . . Taffy, somewhat cheered, went on . . .

"He was rude to me . . . he told me he didn't want me ter work on the mine, he had somebody else . . . an' look, I'll tell you the iggsack conversation.

"I said, 'who will?' an' he said 'find out, stupe,' an' I said, 'Okay, smart Alec, but he's jolly well not gonner work on the mine, an' it's not a bee, either, ya dope,' an' then he got mad an'—"

He got no further.

"OOO-oo, tell a lie, tell a lie."

Master Penny appeared on top of the dividing wall, squatting on its ample stone like a malevolent leprechaun. The rest of Taffy's woes were lost in a throaty growl that would have done credit to an enraged tiger.

"And," Penny continued chattily . . . "It was so a bee, 'cause it jest slang Sammy an' Alice put blue all over it—an' look, Jill, Taffy deserves it because he was teasink Bobby, an' Bobby says I can stay over here an' Taffy can never come over here for everinever. Ha, see fatty puff?"

After that he made a perfect gargoyle face, and vanished in time to avoid the impact of a squashy missile.

Ah, me, such is the fickleness of the very young, for when Bobby's new pal arrived, Penny was banished also.

Penny was far from dashed. With a bit of engaging flattery about Taffy's latest piece of modelling he won him back to reluctant amiability. I heard a lot of buzz-buzzing, and then Penny saying . . . "Let's have a shower, Taff, an' she might let us. You never know!"

The demon suspicion stirred restlessly . . . then broke into a jig, as Taffy emerged from the bathroom wet and clean as a seal to announce: "I washed me years thoroughly. Look (flapping them at me), clean as a lizard, eh?"

"So, what?" I said, and he said, "WELL?" and I said, "just what do you want?"

"Can we go up the street for some potatoes or something?" Taffy asked wistfully.

"Why? I don't want potatoes and I've no money, so it's no use asking me."

"NOT MUCH of an engine, Blunt," said Barry (the Beastboy).

"Gee, Jill, we wouldn't dream of it—money? I got plenty, anyway. No, we jest want to go for a walk."

"Tell her, Taff . . . we better tell the troof."

All this virtue was giving me a headache. "Tell," I commanded.

"We just wanter see Barry . . . you know Barry Smythe? He comes here sometimes, well, he did once." Penny gave a slight shudder as he saw black fury clouding my countenance . . .

Indeed I knew him. My private name for him was Barry the beastboy. He'd not been a welcome visitor since he caused a small motorboat to explode in the bath, setting fire to three towels and the bathmat.

"Isn't he the one that allegedly bashes you up whenever he can?" I asked.

"Yais, that's why we want to see 'im . . ."

"If that's all you want, maybe I can oblige?"

"Aw, look, you'd never understand," Taffy stamped impatiently.

Penny in an up-gush of affection mingled with pity for my dumbness embraced me round the middle, cooing . . . "Silly, silly, old girl, we don't want him to bash US up; we gointer ask him to bash Bobby up."

This piece of information left me speechless. I just said "Glug!"

"Too bloomin' right we are," Taffy said over a jutting lower jaw.

Finally words came, a veritable cornucopia of high-flown phrases, condemning gangsterism, cowardice, stand-over tactics, caddishness, unspeakable dishonesty, and one or two other things.

Both plotters looked singularly bored, and sighed with relief when I finished with . . . "And if you must quarrel in this ridiculous fashion, you will fight your own battles. If you must sock Bobby on the nose, do so, and take what's coming to you, you-you . . . you nincompoop!! . . . pshaw!"

"Gee, Jill, wot a beautiful word!" sighed Penny. "Say it again!"

Defeated, I listened to Taffy dully. He was explaining that I'd got the wrong end of the stick.

Turning to me, on whom daylight should break any minute, he said: "See, if I bash 'im up meself his mother won't let me go in to finish the mine."

"An'," said Penny breathlessly, "ya see, now Barry'll get the blame, see?" I saw.

Anyway, despite all this talk, Taffy managed to communicate with Barry by pigeon post or telepathy. He arrived in his usual gracious way, strolling through the house, ignoring the such senile members of the household as my husband and me, calling to his fags. "Come on out, slaves. I got something ter show yer."

HARVEY the rabbit registered indignation as Taffy scored a bull's-eye with a twig, and Penny appeared on the wall looking like a malevolent leprechaun.

I stuck around and seethed, and composed my farewell speech to our guest. From where I skulked I heard:

"Yer car needs a bit of duco, Blunt. We got a '46 Chev. Whew, can she go! We're goin' fer a run up the Blue Mountains on Sundee."

"You got a bit of metho? I want to start this engine up . . . it's not much of an engine Blunt I got one twice the sizer this."

"That boy — that boy!" I gasped, retreating, before a base impulse to slap an inviting posterior got the better of me.

Barry must have sensed the approach of undignified disaster, for even as I was arranging my face in a mask of fury, he said: "Well, so long drips . . . I'll be making tracks, got a bunger that'll scare the 'ide off the baker's 'orse."

The week wore on. Barryless. I'm pleased to say, and Taffy and Bobby passing in the street nodded curtly . . . because men never cut each other completely.

Penny acted as chief spy and saboteur reporting progress of the workings next door (sending Taffy into sizzling rages), and, when bribed to do so, flooding the shaft or filling it with rocks.

Alice also kept me posted with her son's emotional state—Froggy Carter, the new friend, was a bit bossy, and Bobby said to her: "I hope Taffy comes to his senses soon, because we'll soon be down to the tin."

We both feel that the dove's wings are beginning to flutter.

Success of Australians in Hollywood films

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Members of the Australian colony of film players in Hollywood had interesting news when I asked them about their progress recently.

RON RANDELL tells me his book, "Hollywood Montage," should soon be on the bookstalls, and he is now working on a sequel.

Ron has finished his role in Columbia's "Sign of the Ram," and has been touring Yosemite Valley and Mount Whitney.

He hopes to go to New York in the middle of this month if he can get leave from the studio, and has plans for skiing in the mountains during the coming winter.

Earns huge salary

CECIL KELLAWAY has been so successful that he receives fourteen thousand dollars for three weeks' work on any film.

Genial Cecil had bad luck lately when his eyesight became temporarily affected due to overwork on his last film, while at the same time he was studying a proposed role in "Good Sam," which stars Ann Sheridan.

On the advice of his doctor Cecil has refused the role and is having a well-earned holiday at Balboa Beach and Laguna.

Over afternoon tea Ann Richards told me she had spent the morning with producer Hal Wallis, who had just returned from England.

They discussed her next film, though nothing definite was planned. Ann recently completed her role in "So Well Remembered."

At present her agent is looking for a stage play in New York for Ann.

She has been househunting for a home which has a swimming-pool, as her mother, Mrs. Richards, feels the Californian heat and misses the swimming she enjoyed when she lived in Sydney.

I had cocktails with Edwin Ashley and his wife at their charming apartment this week. Also present were Australians Sydney Loughlin, her husband, Judge Loughlin, and Miss Perry Field.

Edwin is just back from a vacation at Acapulco, Mexico, following the shooting of a Tarzan picture there in which he had a featured role.

He has a flair for interior decorating, and he has repainted the Ashleys' flat in pale green and shell-pink.

RON RANDELL, who is well established now in Hollywood, is seen here with Ginger Rogers and other cast members in a scene from "It Had To Be You," his second film for Columbia.

Australian comedian Leon Errol tells me he is to start two shorts at RKO called "Bet Your Life" and "The Spook Speaks." Errol was ill for some time after the death of his wife, Stella Chatelaine, a dancer, who appeared with him on the New York stage. They both came from Sydney.

Joan Winfield, formerly of Melbourne, tells me she is doing a small character part with Jane Wyman and Lew Ayres in "Johnny Delinda," for Warners.

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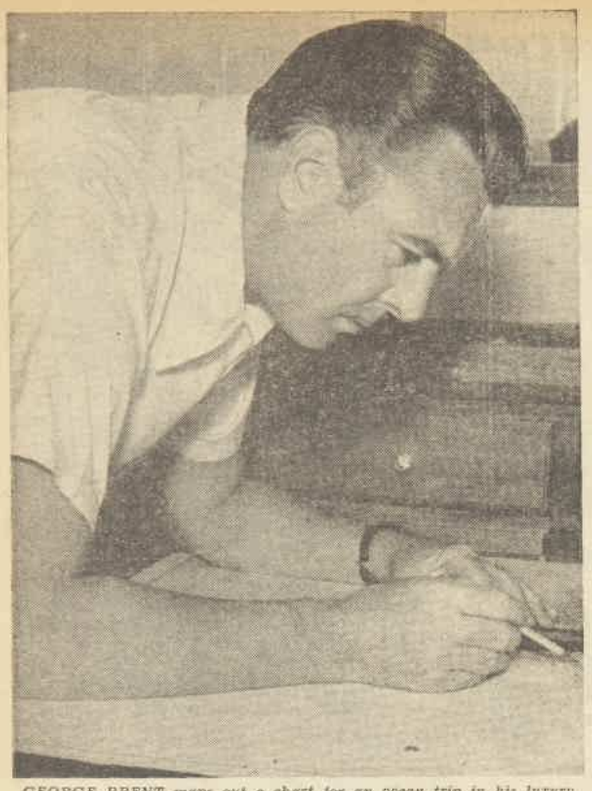

GEORGE BRENT maps out a chart for an ocean trip in his luxury yacht "The South Wind," which he will use for travelling between the United States and Tahiti. The yacht can carry supplies of food to last a month.

Tropical island life ahead for George Brent

By cable from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

If George Brent achieves his present ambition, he will become a permanent resident in Tahiti soon.

Financially independent because of his successful screen career, George intends to build a home in Tahiti. He will take with him his luxury yacht and a smaller cruising boat.

THERE was a faraway look in George's sea-blue eyes when I saw him dressed as a captain, and standing on the bridge of MGM's studio-built leviathan for filming scenes of the picture, "Luxury Liner."

Later in his trailer dressing-room he discussed his plans about living permanently in Tahiti, with the possibility of returning once a year to Hollywood for film commitments.

"I have never been to Tahiti, but I have heard enough about it from Errol Flynn and other friends to know that life there will suit me perfectly," said George.

"However, before I buy any property, I will spend eight months looking over the island for a good situation. I had already started for Tahiti on my own yacht, 'The South Wind,' which is now in Hawaii, when I received a request to return to star in this film.

"Most of my wardrobe and personal possessions are packed and stowed on the yacht, which is provisioned and equipped with medical stores. Two members of the crew are living aboard in Hawaii waiting for me to join them.

"This week-end I am buying a thirty-five-foot motor cruiser which I will use in Tahiti for fishing expeditions."

In spite of his three marriages, George is considered a man's man. His love for sports and hunting and hatred of night-clubs and pink-teas make him more popular with the rugged set.

A good sailor, George taught himself all he knows about boats, rigging and navigation. His first love was flying, which he still enjoys, but after three years during the war, when he instructed Army fledglings, he has switched to the sea.

His first yacht was his present ship, "The South Wind," but George felt that he should have a smaller boat until he knew more about sailing, so he sold her to Ray Milland.

"The South Wind" has since belonged to Dick Powell, Humphrey Bogart, and Jack Warner, from whom George recently bought her back. The vessel is equipped to sail to the end of the world if necessary, and is a streamlined beauty.

Though his name has been linked romantically with many actresses in the past, George enigmatically shrugs off the idea of romantic complications now.

Briefly married to Ruth Chatterton, Ann Sheridan, and Australian actress Constance Worth, George apparently found little happiness in love, but is still considered with Jimmy Stewart, Tony Martin, Victor Mature, and Clark Gable as one of Hollywood's eligible bachelors.

In his current technicolor film, Brent plays the role of a captain of a ship cruising to Rio de Janeiro. His daughter (Jane Powell) stows aboard and makes a hit at the ship's concert, appearing with passenger singer Lauritz Melchior and band-leader Xavier Cugat.

There is a romance for George with pretty Frances Gifford, which his daughter encourages, even though as a stowaway her stern father insists that she be made to help with the dishwashing in the galley.

More British films for James Mason

MANY people have the impression that James Mason has been lost to English films since he announced that he has formed his own picture-making company in America called "Gamma Films of America."

This job cannot occupy all of Jimmie's time, as he previously had signed with Sir Alexander Korda to star in English productions, so he must return to fulfil his contract.

His wife, Pamela Kellino, has completed a new novel, and Jimmie plans to make a screen version of it.

The present cutting down in American film budgets led to Bob Hope's wisecrack that in the drive for economy even the Masons' cats would be limited to four.

MICKEY ROONEY, who is an accomplished pianist, accompanies fellow MGM actor Johnnie Johnston in a rehearsal during MGM's filming of "This Time for Keeps"—in which Johnnie appears with Esther Williams.

MARIE McDONALD (MGM star) and her bridegroom, Harry Karl, read telegrams of good wishes after their wedding at the Hollywood home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Karl.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★ MOSS ROSE

GOOD acting brings out every bit of value in this innocuously named Fox thriller. Best performance comes from veteran Ethel Barrymore as a possessive English mother, but the other two stars, Peggy Cummins and Victor Mature, are intriguing to watch.

Little Miss Cummins, who lost stardom in "Amber," but received good roles as compensation, has a curious blending of ingenue and sophisticate qualities. It is not easy to decide the possibilities of her future.

Mature, who used to be handsome but hopeless as an actor, is still handsome and surprisingly competent in handling the role of a wealthy young Englishman who is accused of one murder and involved in a second.

The plot, set in Edwardian times, describes the entrance of a chorus girl to the home of an aristocrat because she is willing to exchange her suspicions about a murder for a home with rich people. Peggy Cummins makes Belle suitably grasping at the start, and softer as she sees how the other half lives. — Plaza; showing.

★★ JOHNNY O'CLOCK

DICK POWELL has one of the tough roles he has been assigned in recent films in this new Columbia thriller, but his capable handling of it and the slickness of a good script make the production well worth while.

Associate producer Milton Holmes wrote the original story, and director Robert Rossen turned it into one of the smartest yarns of recent months.

Powell plays the junior partner in a successful New York gambling saloon, and his troubles begin when a hat-check girl (neatly played by Nina Foch) is murdered. Lee Cobb, who has done fine work in several roles lately, comes to light again with a first-class portrayal of a tough but realistic inspector of police who finally unravels all the complications.

Evelyn Keyes is attractive as the romantic interest for Powell, and Ellen Drew is the feminine menace as the unfaithful wife of Powell's partner, Thomas Gomes.

Clever, unusual camera angles show that Rossen, who is a new director, will be one worth watching.—Victory; showing.

★★ NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

BRITAIN'S second version of a Dickens classic to be screened this year is not as successful as its first. Producer Michael Balcon, of Ealing, has chosen an excellent cast headed by Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Stanley Holloway, but of necessity some of the mammoth list of characters introduced by Dickens had to be eliminated. This has led to a somewhat episodic treatment rather than a smoothly flowing story.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke as villainous money-grabber Ralph Nickleby overshadows everyone else, but audiences will like Aubrey Woods' debut as the pathetic, ill-treated Smike.

Derek Bond as Nicholas and Sally Ann Howes as Kate Nickleby are charming and youthful, but Alfred Drayton does not hit the mark as Squeers, the bullying head of Dotheboys Hall.

Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Cyril Fletcher, Bernard Miles, Vera Pearce, and Fay Compton tackle their character jobs with success.—Lyceum; showing.

★ SINGAPORE

OVERWHELMED by the mediocre script of this thriller set in Singapore, Universal International's cast has a hard job to carry it off with success.

Also, the mistake of putting sultry Ava Gardner into the role of a wishy-washy heroine who suffers from amnesia and an overdose of heroics weighs heavily on the debit side.

Fred MacMurray plays an American sailor whose prewar smuggling of pearls from Singapoe gives him plenty of bother when he returns after the war to retrieve gems he had hidden from the Japanese. MacMurray strides through the resulting adventures and the difficulties of finding his expected bride the victim of amnesia and married to another man.

Richard Haydn is the film's lifesaver with his splendid job as Customs officer.

With a slap-up fight and some Eastern atmosphere, everything gets settled in the end, with Roland Culver nobly handing over his wife to the sailor.—State; showing.

★ THE CHASE

IT is hard to understand why Seymour Nebenzal, producer of this thriller (released by United Artists), allowed it to fall apart in interest in the closing scenes. What should have been a well-above-average yarn slumps into one of those "only a dream" numbers with a happy ending.

Robert Cummings is starred, and Michele Morgan is romantic lead, but both are put in the shade by Steve Cochran, one of the tough types of the Bogart school.

Title reveals the idea of the story, which deals with the attempt of a chauffeur, Chuck (Cummings), to escape from the clutches of racketeer Roman (Cochran) after Chuck has run off with his boss' wife (Michele Morgan). Stiletto throwing, shootings, fist fights, and a highlight stabbing scene in a cafe are just a few of the crowded action shots which keep interest high till the feeble explanation of the whole thing occurs.—Empire; showing.

AN English studio make-up expert has decided to market the special false eyelashes he makes. He claims they are easy to fix, hard to detect, and suitable for evening wear and all the more glamorous occasions. They will cost about 10/6.

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1 ON FISHING TRIP artist Geoffrey Carroll (Humphrey Bogart) meets Sally Morton (Barbara Stanwyck). She finds he has invalid wife, but he tells her he is getting a divorce.

2 BUYING POISON at chemist's shop. Geoffrey raises the suspicion of chemist Blagdon (Barry Bernard), though Geoffrey signs book under assumed name.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS

ONE of his most dramatic but unsympathetic roles has been given to Humphrey Bogart in Warners' adaptation of the successful stage play by Martin Vale.

He is the brooding, neurotic artist who is driven by mental illness to murdering his first wife and attempting to murder his second.

The film is set in England, and the climax comes when Barbara Stanwyck as the second Mrs. Carroll fights the growing knowledge of her husband's intention to kill her.

Supporting roles are played by Nigel Bruce, Isobel Elsom, and teen-ager Ann Carter.

3 PREPARING SUPPER for his wife, Geoffrey tells daughter Beatrice (Ann Carter) that he is sending her away to school.

4 TWO YEARS LATER, after wife's death, Geoffrey weds Sally but is soon attracted by visitor, Cecily (Alexis Smith).

5 SUSPICIOUS about Geoffrey and Cecily, Sally becomes frightened when Beatrice tells her strange circumstances which surrounded her mother's death.

6 CALL FOR RESCUE is made by Sally to Charles Pennington (Pat O'Moore), who arrives with police in time to save Sally and capture Geoffrey, who has made a violent attempt to kill her.

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

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—says this famous star

Here's the gentle active-lather facial Esther Williams uses: Smoothe Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Then, with a soft towel, pat to dry.

A simple, easy care, but beautiful screen stars tell you it works—leaves skin softer, smoother, more appealing. So don't let neglect rob you of Romance. Take Hollywood's tip. *You* can be lovelier to-night!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

YOU want the loveliness that makes men whisper "I adore you." Let this beauty care help you to have it!

THE BATH AND COMPLEXION CARE OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

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"The Quality is a Proud Tradition"

SUN-VERANDAH of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hutchison's home overlooks an attractive corner of the garden. Peacock-back cane chairs and a day-bed are comfortable furnishings. Both living-room and dining-room open on to verandah.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Christopher's room. Walls, ceiling, bed, and dressing-table are painted cream. Cream curtains and bedspread have a gay farmyard pattern. Floor is soft green.

GLIMPSE of attractive guest-room in massive cedar-framed mirror. Color scheme is charming.

Blossom garden surrounds attractive home . . .

★ Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hutchison, of Killara, N.S.W., whose home is photographed on these pages, have planned their garden so that they have a magnificent spring display, which attracts thousands of sightseers.

In the house Colebrookdale antiques and a collection of china and glass are the particular pride of Mrs. Hutchison, who has some beautiful pieces.

ROUGH-CAST walls of a rich orange color are the background for a cream bath set on black tiles. Plastic curtains at windows.

THE HUTCHISONS' lovely front garden is full of color and charm. The path to the gate is past beds filled with annual dimorphothecas, cinerarias, marguerites, Livingstone daisies, and daffodils. "Weeping" cherries, with their trailing masses of bloom, flank path.

EVERY PICTURE TELLS A STORY!
Restful sleep is vital to good health. Disturbed nights are often a sign of tired kidneys.

Many people have found they can avoid disturbed nights by going straight to the cause of the trouble. Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work properly in the daytime, you may have disturbed nights. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Disorder of kidney function may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

For more than 50 years millions of sufferers have gained happy relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant-diuretic manufactured to rigid standards of purity. DOAN'S assist Nature by helping the 15 miles of kidney tubes to eliminate poisonous wastes.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES ALL OVER THE WORLD!

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For hygienic internal protection with complete comfort, ask for Johnson & Johnson's Meds — the Modess Tampon.

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SMEJ

"I'm a housewife, mother of four . . ."

This is the accepted way to recolour dull or grey hair. When used as directed is perfectly harmless—consult your hairdresser or buy from chemists.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE ARE USING...

INECTO

RAPID

HAIR COLOURING

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AT LEFT is the dining-room in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hutchison, of Killara, N.S.W. The suite has been designed in the Dutch style, and blue-and-white Dutch china decorates the dresser. Blue linen curtain drapes patterned with sand-toned roses match the blue-patterned china. Cream voile covers the windows. On the antique English sewing-table by the window stands a bowl of peach and cherry blossom.

WALLS of the spacious living-room (right) are cream. Glazed chintz curtain drapes are blue, with pink roses and a touch of green. Three attractive rugs are placed over the green-carpeted floor. Some lovely pieces include a mahogany desk and Windsor chair, Colebrookdale antique furniture. The William and Mary wing chair is upholstered in a lovely green Regency-striped fabric.

EVERYWHERE is the hum of the bees as they carry away nectar and pollen from the azaleas, cherry-blossom, and annuals.

DAZZLING flowering peaches, plums, and cherries planted on the grassy walks and footpath strips filled with colorful annuals attract thousands of sightseers to this charming home every year. Towering gums in background add to the beauty of the scene.

Your Choice

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Both Tek and Tek Professional are "tops" in quality. Both have better bristles . . . are better value. Choose whichever you prefer, but make sure it's a Tek.

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Many people have found that the use of Benzedrine Inhaler at the first sign of a cold will often stop the cold developing. This is because the vapour diffuses throughout the nasal cavity, reaching and relieving the congestion wherever present.

In serious cases of Sinus trouble you should consult your doctor.

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EASES the PAIN of Sore, Tired Feet

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To remove HAIR in only 3 minutes!

Try this quick way to get rid of unwanted hair — no mess, no razor. Just apply Veet Cream — in three minutes the hair is gone. It's just that simple—no stubble, no shadow, your skin is smooth and white. Safeguard feminine charm—get Veet Cream, 2/9 a tube, from chemists. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

1. Apply this dainty cream straight from the tube.
2. After three minutes wash it off. Not a trace of hair remains.
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If your favourite chemist or store is out of stock, write to Reine de Crème, Box 37A, Adelaide, S.A. Include postal note for 2/7½ (tube, including postage), 7/9½ (medium jar), or 10/11½ (large jar).

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For Beauty!

"Coverspot

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MASSAGE

. . . streamlines your curves

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

COMPLETE relaxation follows body massage.

MASSAGE is an efficient aid in streamlining too exuberant curves, whether it is given by an expert or is spot massage which you can do yourself.

It's a wonderful feeling when you are weary in body and low in vitality to have a general massage by an expert. Muscles are relaxed, nerves soothed, and circulation stepped up, thus helping in the elimination of the toxic materials that help to produce feelings of fatigue.

Expert massage has advantages as a quick weight-reducing agent, breaking down fatty tissues and making poundage as well as inchage melt away.

Similar results, obtained in a different way, come with exercises of the "thumping" variety; that is, exercises that require brief spanking of the fatty tissues against a hard surface—particularly valuable in dispersing heavy thigh, calf, and hip muscles where it is important to break down fatty tissues.

You may have a strong, healthy body, but have the impression it is not exactly a "figure," and for reasons of time (treatments usually take about an hour), cost (count on paying 10/6 for a treatment), or perhaps finding a reasonably accessible masseuse, feel that massage is rather outside the scope of your personal beauty campaign.

In this case, self-massage, or "spot" treatment, can be used as a valuable adjunct to exercise.

It can bring increased circulation to parts of the body that tend to thicken, or where flesh persists despite all efforts—as along the inner thigh, at the back where hip joins leg, at the sides of the waistline, or across the pelvis.

Self-massage cannot be termed a reducing agent in the same sense as deep massage, because the inner depths of fat responsible for overweight need deep manipulation; but it will reach fat directly below the skin surface, and persistent kneading of accessible fattiness can eventually whittle it away.

In doing massage movements be careful not to push or pull the skin and bruise it; massage is by pressure only—firmly, deeply, but evenly.

Here are details:

● **(1) FOR WAIST:** Grip the loose flesh in your hands and wring it between the fingers and heel of the hand. Don't pull or drag the skin, massage by pressure only, and keep the hands working constantly with equal pressure.

● **(2) FOR OUTER THIGH:** Standing, bend slightly from waist and relax the leg you are going to massage so that the flesh is loose. Grasp flesh with strong, kneading fingers and work towards the thigh, one hand following the other crabwise.

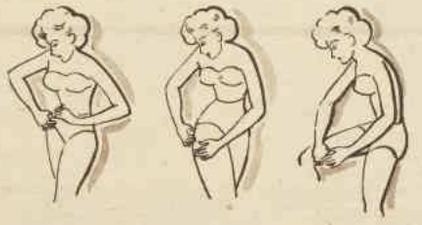
● **(3) FOR INNER THIGH:** Standing, with left foot on a raised surface, again relax the leg to be massaged. Beginning at the knee, knuckle into the flesh in a series of quick, grabby movements as you "strip" up the inner leg. Change position and repeat on right leg.

● **(4) FOR ANKLE AND CALF:** Lie on the back, one leg elevated. Grasp the ankle, and with a sideways wringing motion, using both hands against each other (the same as used in wringing out a sheet), circle the hands towards the knee.

● **FOR THE MIDDLE** (not illustrated): While lying down, bend the knees, place feet together on the floor. Using both hands, with firm fingertips grasp the flesh at the lowest point and draw upwards. Then press fingers of both hands into the centre flesh and draw away sideways and outwards in each direction, first right, then left, as deeply as you can.

● **FOR THE ARMS:** Gently rounded, tapering arms are enormously important nowadays; for the gaunt, over-thin variety, massage with nourishing cream or skin food. Resting the elbow on a firm surface, and keeping the rest of the arm relaxed throughout, commencing at the shoulder, rotate the fingers in small circles, covering the entire surface from shoulder to elbow, then elbow to wrist.

Make a point of not pressing too deeply here, and holding the arms quite loosely throughout. Warm oil may be used instead of cream.



LEFT to right: Illustrating massage movements for waist, for outer thigh, and for inner thigh. See article.

IF possible, keep the leg straight, as shown; otherwise the knee may be relaxed for calf and ankle massage.

HELPFUL NURSERY HINTS . . .

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IF you are a young mother with your first baby, you may be ignorant of the many little things you must do for him in the early weeks.

You may feel that you need advice about the care of various parts of his body—special care of the navel, and care of nails, hair, and eyes.

When he gets old enough to crawl round his cot or pull himself up on his feet when he should be sleeping, you may want to make a safe and comfortable restraining belt.

A leaflet giving various nursery hints and also illustrating this restraining belt and giving full details for making it can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

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MAKE THIS GLASS-OF-WATER TEST YOURSELF

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water, to *see* why it gives such quick relief from Headache. What it does in the water, it does when you swallow it: starts to disintegrate within *two seconds* — thus, is actually ready to go to work almost instantly.

Within two seconds after you take it for Headache, Bayer's Aspirin actually starts to go to work to bring

fast pain relief!

The astonishing 2-second speed of Bayer's Aspirin comes from THREE important steps — not just ONE!

1. The aspirin powder is tested and compressed into "giant" tablets, 8 times larger than normal.

2. These "giants" are crushed back to powder, sifted through an exceedingly fine screen.

3. Then this fine aspirin powder is compressed into the Bayer's Aspirin Tablets you know so well.

These three steps ensure the 2-seconds disintegration which brings you such quick relief from Headache. If pain persists, see your doctor. He alone should advise you about persistent pain.

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24 for 1/3 . . . 100 for 4/-

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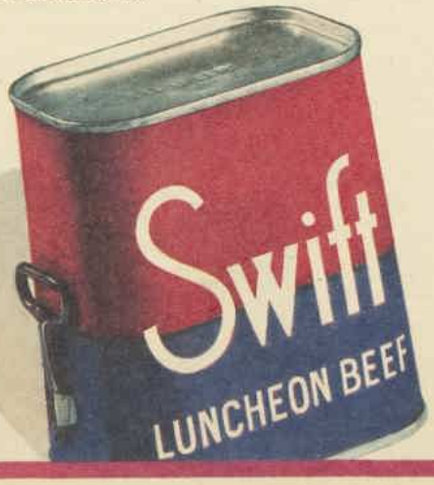
In sultry weather, nothing makes jaded appetites spring smartly to attention quicker than a tasty, cool, refreshing dish of SWIFT canned products. Neatly garnished with egg and lettuce and a dash or two of your favourite condiments—well, there's a savoury cold collation that defies hot weather.

HOT... CRUMBED BEEF SLICE

For a quickly produced appetising hot meal at any time of the day, SWIFT canned products supply the answer. Neatly sliced, and a few minutes under the griller, and they give you a delicious tempting meat dish to go with bacon, eggs or salad —and it is so satisfying, too.



Grocer Sam Says

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PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD

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Cool and Tempting

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Summer sweets should be cool, colorful, and refreshing, easy to eat and flavored or served with fruit.

MAKE the most of your refrigerator or ice-box to concoct light, delicious, jellied sweets for dinner or luncheon.

Jellied sweets are not difficult to prepare, if the gelatine is carefully measured.

Too much gelatine makes a leathery, unappetising jelly, too little will result in an unset, "runny" jelly.

Use exactly the quantity stated in the recipe.

When milk or eggs (or both) are used in combination with gelatine be sure the gelatine is completely dissolved before adding it to the other ingredients.

Never add gelatine to very hot milk—it will curdle.

Layered moulds take a little time to prepare, but look so attractive when served that they are worth the time spent.

●Apricot gateau, jellied lemon cream with strawberries, and honeyed fruit jellies are three tempting desserts to add to your recipe collection. Packaged jellies are quick and easy to prepare. Use them plain or turn them creamy by whisking the partly set jelly until it is light and foamy. Remember that raw pineapple prevents gelatine mixtures setting. Always cook pineapple in syrup before using. Avoid over-chilling jellies — they should be light and quivering on the spoon.

The success of a layered mould depends on each layer being firm but not hard before the next layer is added. And, of course, a warm mixture must never be poured on top of a set layer. The mixture for the second layer must be cold.

APRICOT GATEAU

One 7in. round sponge cake, ½ cup milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 teaspoons gelatine softened in ¼ cup boiling water, ½ cup apricot puree, ½ pint orange jelly, 6 or 7 apricot halves.

Heat milk and sugar, pour slowly on to beaten egg-yolks and lemon rind. Stir over boiling water until thickened. Cool, stir in dissolved gelatine, apricot puree, and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into wet tin, same size as sponge. Chill until firm. Set a thin layer of orange jelly in smaller size round tin. When firm arrange pattern of apricot halves. Add a little more jelly, when firm add sufficient jelly to well cover apricots. Chill until firm. To assemble sweet: Place sponge on serving dish, unmould apricot cream and place on top. Unmould jellied apricots and place on top of apricot cream. Serve garnished with apricot halves, or leaves.

RHUBARB AND APPLE FLUMMERY

One and a half cups diced rhubarb, 1½ cups diced apple, 2 tablespoons water, 3 tablespoons sugar, piece of lemon rind, 1 pint lemon jelly.

Place rhubarb, apple, water, sugar, and lemon rind into a saucepan. Cover and cook over very low heat (use an asbestos mat) until fruit is soft. Drain fruit free from syrup, fold into half the dissolved lemon jelly. Pour into wetted mould, chill until firm. When balance of lemon jelly is beginning to thicken whip to a froth with a rotary beater. Pour into mould on top of jellied rhubarb and apple, chill until firm.

HONEYED FRUIT JELLIES

Quarter cup strained lemon juice, 2-3rd cup strained orange juice, 3 tablespoons honey, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 2-3rd cup hot water, red coloring, sliced banana, sliced peaches, button meringues.

Combine fruit juices and honey, warm until honey dissolves. Add gelatine dissolved in hot water, color red. Set a very thin layer in the bottom of each small wetted mould. When firm, arrange pattern of sliced banana and peach. Add a little more jelly, allow to set. Fill moulds with remaining jelly, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, garnish with button meringues topped with pink and green sugar. Serve with whipped cream, ice-cream, or custard.

JELLIED FRUIT SALAD

One and a half dessertspoons gelatine, 2 bananas, 2 passionfruit, 1 pear, 2 peaches, ½ cup finely diced cooked pineapple, 3 apricots, ½ cup syrup from cooked pineapple, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ pint hot water, ¾ cup sugar.

Place gelatine, sugar, and hot water into a basin. Stir over gently boiling water until sugar and gelatine have dissolved. Add pineapple syrup. When cooled and beginning to thicken, fold in sliced bananas, diced peaches, apricots, and pear, cooked pineapple, passionfruit pulp, and lemon juice. Turn into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould and serve with cream, ice-cream, or custard. If liked, mixture may be set in individual moulds.

JELLIED PEARS WITH PASSIONFRUIT

Fruit: Pear halves (cooked and cooled), 2 passionfruit, 1 level teaspoon gelatine.

Jelly: One cup syrup from pears, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sherry (may be omitted), 1 rounded dessertspoon gelatine, ½ cup hot water, pink coloring.

Cut a thin slice from rounded side of each pear-half so it stands with core cavity uppermost. Place in shallow dish. Mix passionfruit pulp with gelatine, stir over boiling water until gelatine is dissolved. When beginning to thicken, spoon into core cavity of pears. Allow to set. Mix pear syrup with lemon juice and sherry, add gelatine dissolved in hot water, color pink. When cool, pour into dish around pears to a depth of ¼in. Allow to set; add balance of jelly (barely covering pears), chill until set. Serve with cream, ice-cream, custard, or with extra passionfruit pulp sweetened to taste.

JELLIED LEMON CREAM WITH STRAWBERRIES

One pint lemon jelly, 1 pint lime jelly, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water, strawberries.

Set ¼in. of lemon jelly in bottom of wetted mould. When set, arrange pattern of strawberries add a little more jelly, allow to set. Add lime jelly to half fill the mould. When set, stand a wetted cocoa tin in centre of mould, fill mould up with lemon jelly. Heat milk, sugar, and lemon rind until sugar dissolves. Cool, add egg-yolk and dissolved gelatine. When quite cold, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Remove tin from mould by filling with lukewarm water and gently turning, then removing. Fill cavity with milk mixture. Allow to become quite set before unmoulding on to serving platter. Garnish with whipped cream and strawberries. If cream is not available, reserve some of the lemon cream, whip to a froth when partly set and beginning to thicken. Spoon round unmoulded jelly.

QUICK BAVARIAN CREAM

Slices of sponge roll, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 heaped teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 2 eggs, a few strawberries to garnish.

Line a mould or round cake-tin with slices of sponge roll, trimmed so that sides of mould are completely covered. Combine lemon and orange juice, add sugar, fruit rinds, and egg-yolks. Stir over boiling water until mixture thickens to custard consistency. Add gelatine softened in hot water. Cool until beginning to thicken. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and continue beating (standing basin in iced water) until mixture holds its shape. Pour into prepared mould, chill until set. Unmould and serve garnished with strawberries.

"AEROPHOS," THE MODERN RAISING INGREDIENT . . . CONTAINED IN ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR AND BAKING POWDER

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For
Food Quality
the choice is
Rosella

● This famous trademark of quality foods is taken from the Eastern Rosella, the beautiful Australian parrot which is found in Southern Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania.

Rosella
SYMBOL OF
AUSTRALIA'S FINEST FOOD PRODUCTS

PILE FRUIT SALAD into pre-cooked tartlets and top each with a little whipped jelly.

Readers win cash prizes for . . .

Home-tested recipes

● Savory mushroom tart has been awarded first prize in this week's recipe competition.

NEXT time you're making a meat loaf try combining cooked rabbit with mashed banana flavored with lemon rind. Banana keeps loaf moist and imparts a delicate flavor.

You'll find the recipe for the savory loaf on this page as well as others from enterprising homemakers.

You are invited to send in your home-tested recipes to this popular contest. In so doing you may help others. Cash prizes are given each week.

SAVORY MUSHROOM TART

One 8in. cooked pastry-shell, ½lb. mushrooms, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 bacon rashers, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, ½ clove garlic.

Separate eggs. Blend cornflour with a little cold milk. Place remainder on to boil. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes to cook cornflour. Cool slightly, add beaten egg-yolks, salt and pepper, and finely chopped garlic. Brush pastry-case with little beaten egg-white. Line with strips of bacon. Remove skin from mushrooms, wash, and cut into fairly small pieces. Saute in hot butter 3 or 4 minutes until tender. Place on top of bacon, and pour sauce over carefully. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) till set. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt and pepper. Fold in grated cheese and pile on top of tart. Return to oven till lightly browned. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. A. Nixon, "Carlisle," Ashby St., Fairfield S3, Qld.

BAKED STEAK WITH CARROT STUFFING

One and a half pounds topside steak cut with pocket, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, ½ cup breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup mashed cooked carrots or grated raw carrot, pepper, salt, little vinegar or lemon juice.

Sprinkle steak with lemon juice or vinegar inside pocket and outside, and season with pepper and salt. Saute the onion in the heated margarine and combine with breadcrumbs, beaten egg, parsley, and carrot. Season to taste. Fill steak pocket with seasoning. Skewer and place in oven pan with a little hot fat. Cover and bake slowly (325deg. F.) for 1½ hours. Potatoes and onions may be baked in the same pan. Serve also with hot greens.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Wotherspoon, 12 Aileen Ave., Sth. Caulfield SE8, Vic.

DEVILLED CRAB

One large crab, soft breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pinch cayenne, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon melted butter, ¼ cup white sauce.

Remove meat from shell and claws. Wash shell thoroughly. Dry. Chop crab meat and mix with equal quantity of breadcrumbs. Add mustard, lemon rind, sauce, salt and pepper and melted butter. Bind with white sauce. Turn into prepared shell. Cover with few breadcrumbs. Dot with butter and place in moderate oven (375deg. F.) till lightly browned. Serve with Melba toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Uren, Clovelly Ave., Clarence Gardens, S.A.

ECONOMY SANDWICH SPREAD

Two hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 thin slices onion, 1 small tomato, 2 tablespoons grated carrot, 2 lettuce leaves, salt and pepper to taste.

Chop eggs finely and mix with cheese, carrot, chopped, skinned tomato, salt and pepper. Chop onion, finely shred lettuce and add to egg mixture, mixing thoroughly with a fork. The thick paste that forms takes the place of butter. Ideal for sandwiches or delicious mixed with a little salad dressing and served on toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Gregory, South Carlton, Vic.

RABBIT AND BANANA LOAF

One cooked rabbit, 1 small onion, salt and pepper, pinch herbs, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 bananas, lemon juice, milk, 2 bacon rashers.

Remove meat from rabbit and dice finely. Add finely chopped onion, diced bacon rashers, salt and pepper to taste, breadcrumbs, and mashed bananas mixed with little lemon juice. Beat egg with a little milk and add to meat mixture, mixing well. Pack into well-greased and crumbed loaf-tin. Place a rasher of bacon on top with few slices of banana drenched with lemon juice. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) ¾ to 1 hour. Serve hot with mashed potato and green vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. S. Hazel, Coghill St., Kapunda, S.A.

Are you over forty?

If your energy is flagging, concentration is difficult, and work a burden, *start taking Phyllosan tablets to-day!* Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals . . . so easy to take, but, if taken *regularly*, what a difference they make. The revitalising effect of a course of Phyllosan tablets must be experienced to be appreciated. Many thousands of men and women, particularly those over forty, owe renewed health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

At Chemists and Stores, 2/6 and 6/- (double quantity).

PHYLLOSAN
fortifies the over-forties

The regd. trade mark 'Phyllosan' is the property of Natural Chemicals Ltd., London.

ONE PINT
is a lot of
COUGH
REMEDY
for 2/-

To save money by making ONE PINT (the equal of 8 bottles) of the best cough, cold and sore throat remedies, add a 2/- bottle of HEENZO to sweetened water. Adults and children like the instant relief and nice to take

HEENZO
COUGH REMEDY

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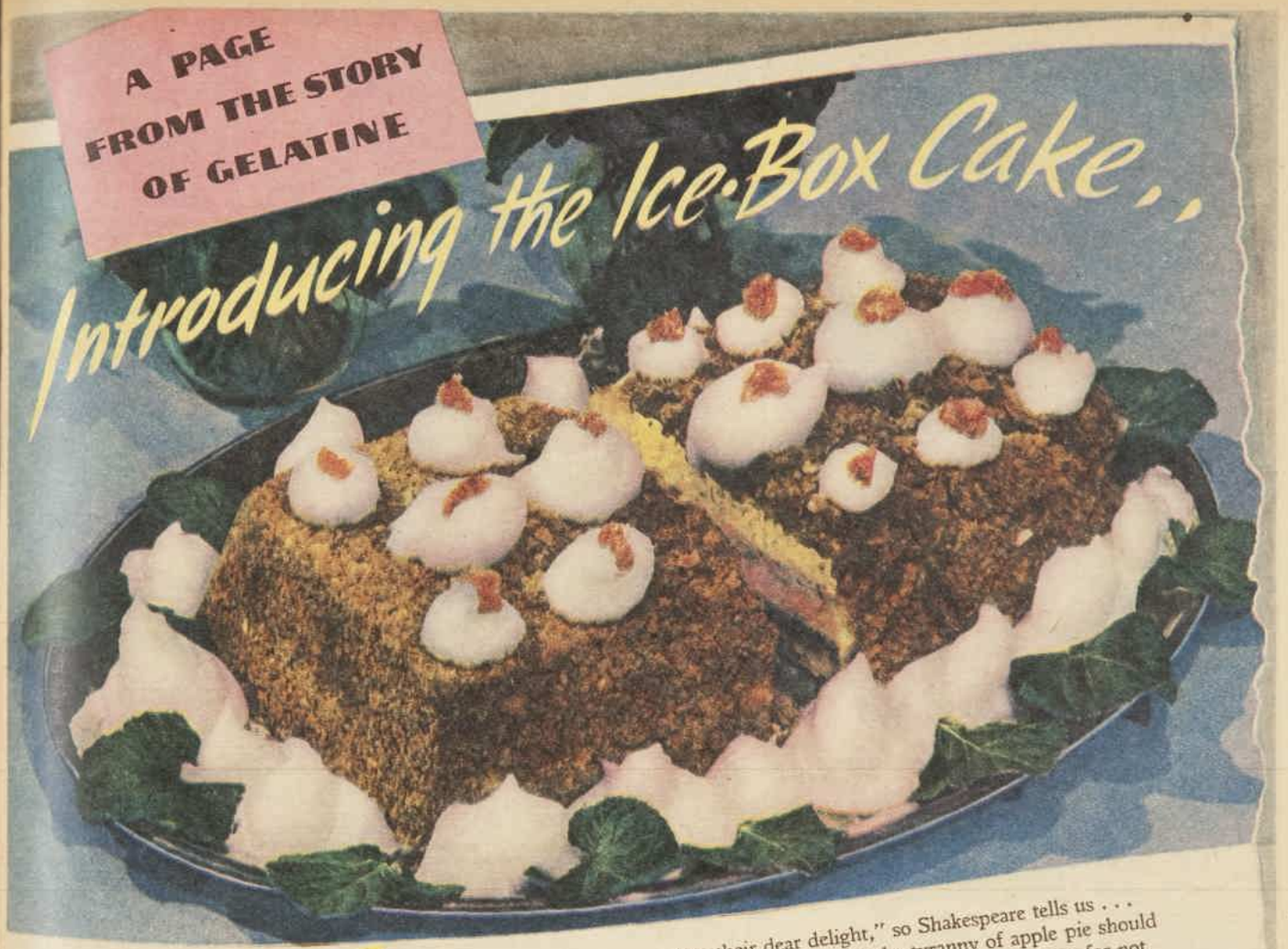
A PAGE FROM THE STORY OF GELATINE

Introducing the Ice-Box Cake . .



"Sweets grown common lose their dear delight," so Shakespeare tells us . . . and you will agree that a family crushed under the tyranny of apple pie should complain. There is no excuse for monotony, no punishment too great for not occasionally serving something different. Davis Gelatine excels in suggestions for the most pleasing dishes for all occasions and introduces the Ice Box Cake . . . A dessert that is new, that gives simple fare a party air . . .

ICE BOX CAKE is made in a plain mould or cake tin. Cover the bottom and sides with a crusty mixture (see below), then fill with a delicious confection (see our recipes). Chill for 12-24 hours—do not freeze—unmould, cut and eat—enjoy.

CRUSTY COVERING: *Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 1½ cups brown sugar, cook for a few minutes till smooth, add 2 cups crushed cornflakes, biscuit or wafer crumbs. Mix well, press to the bottom and sides of the mould. Chill for 20 minutes or longer, then fill. Unmould by placing in warm water.*

FRUIT SALAD MOULD

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine, ½ pint hot water, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 bananas, 2 passionfruit, 1 orange, peaches, cherries; strawberries or other fruit in season (measurements level).

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add sugar, lemon juice, passionfruit. Pour a little into the bottom of a mould. When firm arrange a decoration of cherries and sliced banana; cover with a little more liquid. When firm arrange the remainder of the fruit and carefully add the jelly mixture. Serve with ice cream or custard.

HOLIDAY ICE BOX CAKE

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in 3 tablespoons hot water, ½ lb. marshmallows, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons wholemilk powder, ½ pint milk, 3 teaspoons sherry, 1 cup biscuit or cornflake crumbs, ½ cup chopped nuts (slightly salted), 2 teaspoons grated orange rind (measurements level).

Add 3 tablespoons milk to marshmallows. Add sugar and milk powder to balance of milk. Beat until dissolved, add dissolved gelatine, beat well. Warm marshmallows till smooth, stir into the milk, add sherry and fold in the other ingredients. Place in prepared mould. Chill thoroughly.

CHOCOLATE ICE BOX CAKE

2 teaspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in 4 tablespoons hot water, 2 oz. chocolate squares, ½ cup sugar, pinch of salt, 2 eggs (yolks and whites), ½ pint milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 12-18 small sponge fingers or pieces of sponge (measurements level).

Melt chocolate over boiling water add gelatine carefully. Beat egg yolks, salt and sugar, add to milk, cook till thickening slightly, cool, add chocolate mixture, nuts and vanilla. Chill slightly, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Cover bottom and sides of a plain mould with waxed paper, then with separated sponge fingers, arrange chocolate mixture in alternate layers with the remainder of the fingers. Chill.

ICE BOX CAKE

3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine dissolved in 3 tablespoons hot water, ½ lb. marshmallows, ½ pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, 2 cups fruit such as sliced bananas, peaches, apricots, 2 cups cornflake crumbs or wafer biscuit crumbs (measurements level).

Cut marshmallows in quarters, place in saucepan with 3 tablespoons of milk. Let stand. Beat egg yolks and sugar, add to balance of milk, cook until thickening slightly. Cool. Add dissolved gelatine. Warm marshmallows, melt slightly. Beat egg whites, fold into the marshmallow and fold lightly into the custard mixture. Arrange in the prepared mould in alternate layers with fruit and wafer crumbs. Chill.

RECIPE COLLECTION

If you would like some delightful recipes for summer days write and enclose 2½d. stamp for postage to:

DEPARTMENT W, DAVIS GELATINE,

Sydney, G.P.O. Box 3583.
Adelaide, G.P.O. Box 712F.
Melbourne, G.P.O. Box 4058.
Brisbane, G.P.O. Box 758K.
Perth, G.P.O. Box 588.

Davis Sparkling Granulated Gelatine

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★ The Demonstrator **SAID** "Yes, that shade would suit your complexion"

★ But she **MEANT** "No face powder would hide that blotchy skin!"

Clear up those unattractive skin faults with

REXONA

MEDICATED SOAP

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Bornyl Acetate — all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

You simply can't hide blotches and other skin faults with make-up! But you *can* clear up blemishes with Rexona Medicated Soap! Rexona with its special medication of Cadyl gently removes all trace of embedded dirt and dust — tones up the pores and keeps them healthy. With regular Rexona care your skin stays fresh, *naturally* lovely.

X.67.26

Evan Williams Shampoos

These famous shampoos will be available when existing restrictions permit.

A GRADE FOR EVERY SHADE

V. S. TURNLEY & SON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIAN AGENTS

A *QUICK*, EASY WAY TO MAKE CLOTHES FIT!

The MODEL-YU Dress Form is the most outstanding change in dressmaking technique since the sewing machine. The MODEL-YU outfit enables you to make an exact model of your own figure . . . a second self, on which it is easy to make and fit your own clothes. Every home dressmaker needs a MODEL-YU outfit to save time, material, worry and expense.

Model-Yu

DRESS FORM OUTFIT **15/9**

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

Cerebos

SALT OF QUALITY

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"ETTA." MATERNITY FROCK AND JACKET

The maternity frock and jacket can be obtained ready to wear or cut out. The frock has wide lapels and short sleeves. Two pockets decorate the skirt. The colors to choose from are sapphire-blue with black, white, and lavender; grey with black, white, and rose; almond-green with black, white, and pale orange; dark rose with black, white, and blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 84/11 (13 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 87/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/6 (13 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 62/11 (13 coupons). Postage 1/3½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering Fashion Frock, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 928—SACHET FOR YOUR NIGHTDRESS

The sachet is traced ready to cut out and embroider on white satin. Price, 3/11 (no coupons). Postage, 2½d. extra.

No. 929—CRISP COLLAR AND CUFF SET

The set is traced ready to embroider on a sheer white cotton material which launders well. Price, 1/11 (no coupons). Postage, 2½d. extra.

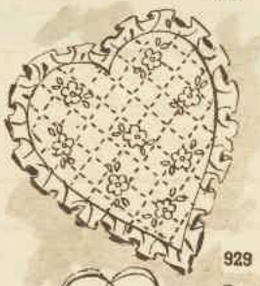
No. 930—PLAYSUIT FOR A BOY OR GIRL

The playsuit is ready to wear. Applique the motif to either the bib or the pocket. The colors are natural, brown, and navy, with applique in yellow, green, fawn, or red.

Size 18in. length, 5/11 (2 coupons); 20in. length, 6/6 (2 coupons); 22in. length, 7/3 (2 coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notion 930, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

928



929

930

INTERSTATE OFFICES

SEND your order for Fashion Frock and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

HURRY! When golf, bridge or shopping cut into housekeeping time, it's often a case of hurry, hurry home to prepare that dinner.

HURRY! This calls for something quick, slick and satisfying — and this means SAVOY! Delicious, quick-to-fix Savoy saves work, saves time, is always welcome.

HOORAY! Your Savoy dishes (tasty, tempting, steaming hot) will be family favourites every time. First in flavour, texture, food value; always insist on

Savoy

NUTRIFOODS

MACARONI SPAGHETTI AND OTHERS

The Food of 50 Dishes

Note: Savoy Products are only sold loose 5N.L.

Mothers!

KIDDIES ACTUALLY LIKE this gentle laxative

Great care should be taken when choosing a corrective for children. Many purgatives are unsuitable for children. They are unpleasant to take, and kiddies strongly resist when they are offered to them. Not so with Yeaston-Lax. Here is a safe and gentle, chocolate-flavoured Laxative in easy-to-take tablet form. The important thing about Yeaston-Lax is that it has two effects. The laxative ingredient immediately relieves Irregularity, while the medicinal Yeast, which is the curative element, helps in removing the cause of the Irregularity by supplying the vitamins which are essential for the normal functioning of our digestion and assimilation of food.

Constipation is often a symptom of some more serious ailment, and the very first signs should be corrected—not just temporarily relieved. The Vitamin B content of Yeaston-Lax aids in the assimilation of food after it has been digested, thus helping in the formation of a healthy digestion and normal regular habits.

Remember, Yeaston-Lax is the ideal laxative for young and old.

At all Chemists and Stores

YEASTON-LAX

The Vitamin Treatment for Irregularity

Bottles of 24 **1/6**
Bottles of 48 **2/6**

★ *To maintain regular habits and prevent recurrence of constipation it is advisable to continue treatment by taking Yeaston Plain Tablets, which differ only in that they contain no added Laxative.* 7554

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There's a lot to do in the garden

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

NOVEMBER is usually a hot humid month, often accompanied by thunderstorms, so keep the ground well cultivated and loose in order to take advantage of every drop of rain that falls.

Visit the grapevines frequently and spray them with lead arsenate to control the caterpillars of the destructive grapevine moth. You can add Bordeaux mixture to this spray and thus prevent outbreaks of powdery or downy mildew, which also appear during humid days.

Early peaches, plums, apricots, and nectarines which are attacked by fruit fly should be sprayed with tartar emetic, sugar, and water about five weeks before the fruit is due to be harvested. Weekly sprays should not be given until the fruit is picked.

The foliage of daffodils and other narcissi foliage is now dying down. Let it brown-off entirely before lifting and storing the bulbs. This also applies to hyacinths, lachenalias, ixias, and freesias.

Perennial phlox will be all the better and flower larger if you give them occasional doses this month of weak liquid manure.

Pinch out the first buds of dahlia-flowered zinnias and the plants will stool out and make strong stems that will produce more flowering laterals.

Cut the lawn fairly short during summer months and then you will not have to use the mower so often. If the grass lacks color feed with weak sulphate of ammonia.

Stake and tie up all tall perennials such as delphiniums, as they are very brittle and suffer severely during southerly blows. This also applies to zinnias, dahlias, and others that grow tall.

WHAT TO SOW THIS MONTH

Vegetables: Dwarf and climbing French beans, beetroot, cabbage, cauliflower (early varieties), celery, carrot, cucumber, egg plant, lettuce, marrow, mustard, okra, parsnip, melons (rock and water), pumpkin, radish, salsify, silver beet, summer spinach, squash, sweet corn, tomatoes.

Flowers: Amaranthus, aster, balsam, calliopsis, celosia, cineraria, cobaea, cockscomb, dianthus, gaillardia, globe amaranthus, Iceland popy, marigold (African), nasturtium, pansy, petunia, phlox, portulaca, salpiglossis, salvia, snapdragon, stock, summer cypress, torenia, viola, zinnia.

SOW and plant now for vegetables later in the summer. Select from list given on this page.

Brimming with luscious cream... that's TRUFOOD

The richest, freshest powdered milk you've ever tasted!

A half gallon of new milk; straight from lush clover pastures. Packed in an airtight tin to seal its goodness. That's a tin of Trufood. Fresh meadow milk with just the water removed. No wonder it's the lushest powdered milk of all. Drink it... cook with it... give it to baby . . . whenever you need milk, use Trufood.

Mixed and made in a moment! You get a full half-gallon of rich dairy milk, containing nearly half a pint of cream, from every 12 ounce tin of Trufood.

★ *Only fresh milk goes into Trufood — no preservatives of any kind are added.*

TF.74.26

SCRATCHES on your furniture may be camouflaged with iodine. Apply carefully with a small paint brush.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

CHEESE can be kept free from mould by placing a lump of sugar in the cheese dish. The sugar absorbs the moisture and keeps cheese fresh.

* * *

KEEP a cake of soap in the nursery and stick the safety-pins in it while changing diapers. You'll find the pins easier to put through the diaper and the risk of baby grabbing the pin while your back is turned is reduced.

* * *

PLACE folded newspapers under fibre rugs and mats. The dirt that sifts through can be picked up with the newspaper.

* * *

PAINT spots on tiles or porcelain may often be taken off with nail-polish remover.

* * *

OLD gramophone needles may be used for hanging small pictures and tacking down broken edges of lino.

* * *

CLEANING fluid will remove grease spots on cement paths.

SKIN TROUBLE WARNS WITH PAINFUL SPOT

By MEDICO

"I THINK Jean has ringworm," complained Mrs. Smith, as she pulled aside the neck of the child's dress to show me a patch of scaly redness on her shoulder. Jean is a teen-ager.

"Are there any other patches like this?" I asked.

"There are six altogether," she said. "Most of them are on her body, but there is one on the inside of her cheek."

"Did they come out together?"

"Yes, except for the first one, which came on her neck about a fortnight before the others started. I didn't worry about the first one, as I thought the collar of her coat had rubbed a sore, but when the others came out I thought it must be a ringworm."

"There are two reasons why it isn't ringworm," I told her. "First, because true ringworm only comes on the scalp, and secondly, because it never occurs after the age of fourteen. Your daughter's trouble is called pityriasis rosea. It can be recognised by the one patch coming out a week or so before the main rash. We call it the 'herald spot.'"

"Is it infectious?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"There is no evidence of it being infectious as it never occurs together in families or schools. The cause of it is not known. But we do know that it will come to an end of its own accord in about six weeks' time.

"In the meantime, I'll give you a prescription for an ointment to control the irritation and to hasten its cure."

(All names in these articles are fictitious.)

DECORATE AN OLD BOX OR CHEST with a gay peasant transfer, or use the cartoon animals designed for children's furniture. The box illustrated above was first a sea-chest. It was lacquered cream and then a design was traced on to it and painted in oils in shades of scarlet, blue, yellow, and green. Designs suitable for tracing are to be found in magazines and in children's coloring books.

EXCLUSIVE TO David Jones'

The Famous Matron Shaw Baby Carrier

Truly a boon to mothers of babes in arms is this canvas carrier designed for comfort and security. Its many features include a waterproof seat . . . adjustable straps so baby may lie down or sit up . . . and it's easily transferred to either shoulder. In cream canvas with blue or grey straps, 15/6

"YOUTH CENTRE," FIFTH FLOOR, ELIZABETH ST. STORE.

MAIL ORDERS, BOX 503, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

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THEY COST NO MORE THAN ORDINARY TOWELS. SOLD THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.

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IS YOUR HAIR 'SORT OF' FAIR OR MOUSY?

STA-BLOND'S
New **"MAKE-UP"**
SHAMPOO
will give it a definite fair colour
without ugly bleaching
Sta-blond will make it 4-6 lovelier lustrous shades LIGHTER

Sta-blond's new 'make-up' Shampoo contains two wonderful new discoveries—Lanol and Calspbol. These feed natural oil to the hair roots, ending "dry scalp"—make the hair easy to manage.

Try it. See why 55,000,000 packets were sold in United States, Britain, South Africa, Canada and other countries of the world in 1946. (Sta-blond is called Blondex in some countries.)

STÄ-BLOND
MAKES YOU PRETTIER!
Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 261388, Sydney.

Pain, Swelling, Soreness Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

SPRAIN
BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
BOILS
CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL IRITATION

The **moist heat** of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves pain . . . reduces swelling, limbers up stiff, aching muscles due to simple sprain, bruise or similar condition. Apply that ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the **moist heat** go right to work on those sore, aching parts. Does good, feels good.

The **moist heat** of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves pain, soreness, and helps soften boils. It also relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation, simple sore throat. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE at any chemist or store now.

IT'S NEW... IT'S REVOLUTIONARY

SUPER VERM-X Plus D.D.T

MAXIMUM STRENGTH

The "Super-Plus" Maximum Double action Insect Spray . . . instant death to insect pests, long-lasting killing power, pleasant and safe to use. Because SUPER VERM-X contains the maximum useful proportion of DDT it kills all insect pests quicker and remains deadly longer. A full pint bottle will last all summer through.

KILLS INSECT PESTS *INSTANTLY*
KEEPS ON KILLING

ASTHMA CURBED QUICKLY

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health, and weaken your constitution. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vigour so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

For Asthma . . . Now 6/- & 12/-

Fashion PATTERNS

● *TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 48.*

F4889.—Dress and jacket ensemble with accent on stripes. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material and 1¼yds. 36in. striped material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4890.—Side-draped afternoon frock. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4891.—Tailored petticoat slip styled with fitted midriff section. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2¾yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/8.

F4892.—Casual one-piece with pleats in the skirt. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4893.—Peasant blouse and dirndl skirt. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material for blouse, and 2½yds. 36in. material for skirt. Pattern, 1/10.

F4894.—Plain and contrast dress. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/10.

PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD

Carefree, happy feet will carry you along to a fuller enjoyment of life, at work or recreation. The easy, sure way to keep the feet in first-class condition is to bathe them at night in warm water, dry thoroughly, and rub in Zam-Buk.

This highly refined ointment with its six active ingredients is quickly absorbed. It soothes and strengthens the many small muscles and tendons which become irritated and wearied by pressure and friction. It makes the skin healthy and supple, reduces swelling, heals chafing and blisters, and softens corns for easy removal.

Zam-Buk
The Grand Herbal Ointment

Eating Plenty— *yet starving?*

It's not the amount of food you eat that keeps you alive. You can consume large quantities of the wrong sort of food, without gaining any nutritional value.

A diet lacking in essential vitamins and minerals can have only one result: ill health.

To be fit and full of 'go' to resist winter epidemics your body must have a regular diet that includes an intake of vitamin B. You can obtain this source of health and vigour through Bemax. This pleasant flaky tonic food is rich in Vitamin B and essential minerals such as Iron and Phosphorus. Research has proved that a daily tablespoonful of Bemax, sprinkled over breakfast cereal, porridge or stewed fruit, will make good the lack of Vitamin B which results in many minor ailments.

Sleeplessness, Depression, Lack of Appetite, and Digestive Troubles

all indicate vitamin starvation. Give your body the vitamins it needs through Bemax. Build up health and energy with nature's own source of vigour:

BEMAX
A NATURAL VITAMIN SUPPLEMENT

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 36-40 Chalmers Street, Sydney.

(A Product of Vitamins Ltd., London)

★ LIQUID **lip-glo**
WITH FREE RECHARGE PHIAL!

★ LIQUID **lip-glo**
LEAVES NO LIP-PRINTS • GOES TWICE AS FAR • 3/6 A BOTTLE
PHILIP DARE COSMETICS BOX 442 G.P.O. ADELAIDE

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ASK YOUR GROCER TODAY — FOR

Bushells

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

After the cold of winter, spring days are apt to prove somewhat tiring. A good cup of tea will always refresh you.

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